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Editorials

FEAST OF FREEDOM

Rabbi Maurice N. Eisendrath

Human life, writes one of our contemporary authors, may be ..ed to a house of bondage. The universe seems a vast prison in which ..of us is immured. Bitterly, we struggle to escape our tiny and ..ng cells, chafingly, we tug at our chains and shackles; seeking ever always to free ourselves from the bonds and fetters, the restrictions limitations which human existence places upon our bodies and our . But strive as we will, inevitably we must surrender to life's un..erable force. We may triumph for a time, but in the end we must ..it to the yoke, for thorough emancipation, complete freedom and ..y lie forever beyond our grasp. Like Prometheus in the magnificent ..a of Aeschylus, bound with girths of iron, victim of the scorching ..the tempestuous sea, and the ravenous vultures of the air, so too are ..enchained to the adamantine rock of life. There we stand, weak and ..ess, while the storms of fate whirl incessantly about us; there we ..d, mocked by the irony of nature, torn by the trials and tribulations ..fe which slowly but certainly consume our bodies and corrode our ..; there we stand, victims of a capricious destiny, slaves to human ..nge, yearning always for an escape that seems ever to elude our ..retched fingers, until, worn weary by life's stern combat, we finally ..our eyes in eternal slumber, convinced at last that human existence ..demanded as its due complete and abject surrender.

..Such is the sombre note sounded by much of our latter day phil..hy as it is eloquently through terrifyingly echoed in one of the ..profound and pentrating novels which our generation has produced: ..Human Bondage" by W. Somerset Maugham. And as we look ..at us, we cannot but find ample evidence to substantiate this sorry ..no. Although it is true that man is no longer the mere toy in nature's ..as once he was, although he is no longer a mere trembling leaf to be ..the hither and thither by every chance wind of fate, although gradually ..has become in truth the master of creation, little lower than the angels, ..all things under his feet, although he has even struck from the chattel ..his hands of steel, still, so much of life can be likened to a house ..and still there exist a myriad forms of slavery, equally as debasing ..as brutalizing to the human spirit as any thraldom of the past. How ..true seems Horace Kallen's trenchant indictment of our day: ..the decade since the world has been made safe for democracy, it has ..become very unsafe for freedom." So we find that while men chant ..that freedom swell the breeze," and raucously proclaim their nation ..to be "home of the free and the land of the brave," laws without limit are ..passed in almost every country, prohibiting the great masses of men ..gambling, from speaking, from writing as they will, preventing ..them from drinking or eating when or where they choose; selecting the ..plays they may see or the books they may read, and even prescribing how ..many children they may have. Add to this the terrible serfdom of the ..wage slave, hour after hour, day after day, year after year mon..otonously feeding the gaping and never satiated maw of some mighty ..industrial monster until he himself becomes a machine

"With the emptiness of the ages in his face—

.....

Who made him dead to rapture and despair—
A thing that grieves not and that never hopes;
Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox!"

Think also of all that gratuitous suppression of books and plays that now holds sway, all that puritanical propaganda perpetrated by self appointed squadrons, who with the sacred Scripture in one hand and a basket of fig leaves in the other, go snooping about the country, selecting, by virtue of their divine omniscience we presume, what novels a man may peruse and what drama he may behold without detriment to his immortal soul. Remember likewise the mental tyranny exerted today by our instruments of publicity: the press, with its carefully deleted and scrupulously censored news items, its syndicated and sugar coated editorials dedicated to the task of holding men's minds in leash that they might be saved the arduous task of thinking for themselves, thus reducing millions to an intellectual slavery that renders conventional thinking increasingly difficult to resist and individual opinion ever more hazardous to assert; and our educational institutions, concerned much more in preserving the past than in enriching the future—thus dooming the rising generation to an oppression more pernicious than any slavery of the past, for when the channels of knowledge are thus polluted and children are indoctrinated from the cradle to the universities solely with those standards of thought and principles of action acceptable to the powers that be then man is robbed even of the desire to protest and to revolt, which is the divine right and prerogative of the lowliest chattel slave, thus plunging us into a vicious cycle from which there seems no escape. Truly then, despite our much vaunted freedom of franchise and liberty of movement, our lives do seem "cribbed, cabined and confined" and the holy grail of emancipation seems far beyond our reach.

To palliate such gnawing pessimism which is the dominant mood of our disillusioned and despondent post-war age comes our Passover Feast, radiant with the sustaining hope that man can win through to liberty, man can attain the precious goal of freedom.

Was ever a people's plight more desperate and forlorn than that of Israel groaning under the cruel and heartless leash of their Egyptian taskmasters? Did emancipation ever seem more remote than in those dark nights of oppression and those endless days of wearisome toil? And yet, at the very moment when their hearts were nigh unto breaking and their courage was nearly spent, there appeared in their midst the majestic figure of Moses, whose austere command, which has since become the battle cry and shibboleth of every people sore afflicted and heavy laden, rang courageously Forth: "Let my people go," he demanded, and after plague after plague had ravaged the land and decimated Pharoah's hosts, after his chariots and horsemen were drowned in the sea, Israel was redeemed at last. Liberty was theirs, the night of servitude was past, the day of freedom had dawned. And ever since has the Exodus of Israel out of Egypt been memorialized in song and saga, in poem and prose, bringing to all —whether it was the Jew in noisome ghetto, the peasant in lands

(Continued on page 16)

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MONTREAL SOCIAL

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Workman and Miss Nina Workman, Sherbrooke Street West, are home after spending several months in Havana and Palm Beach.

Mrs. M. Switzman, of New York, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. Ein, Sherbrooke Street West, for a few weeks.

Miss Bessie Klein, Wiseman Avenue, is spending the holidays in New York with her sister, Mrs. A. Aaronfeld.

Mrs. W. B. Birn, of Toronto, is visiting her mother, Mrs. B. D. Adelman, Marcil Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Silverstein, Grovehill Place, are visiting in New York and Atlantic City.

Mrs. H. Frankel Strathcona Avenue, has left to spend several months in Phoenix, Arizona.

J. Ettenberg, Selkirk Avenue, has left for New York and Atlantic City where he will join his daughter, Violet. They will come home next week.

Among the recent graduates of the spring convocation at the University of Chicago was Mrs. Fanny Novick Persky, formerly of Montreal, who received the degree of Doctor of Law (J.D.)

Miss Jeanette Ein, of Brooklyn, N.Y., is spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. Ein, Sherbrooke Street West.

Harry Luks, of Philadelphia, spent last week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Ben Shulman, King Edward Avenue, and went home with Mrs. Luks who has been visiting here for some time.

H. E. Davis, Harvard Avenue, has left for Atlantic City where he will join Mrs. Davis.

Mr. and Mrs. I. M. Shevall, of Brooklyn, are visiting Mrs. S. Goodman, Prudhomme Avenue.

Miss Bessie Goldberg, Guy Street, entertained at a personal shower and nine tables of bridge at Samovar Tea Room Wednesday, April 9, in compliment to Miss Annie Shapiro, a bride-elect of June.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Brecher and sons, Bernard and Sidney, of New York, are visiting Dr. and Mrs. Israel Beinhaker, Park Avenue.

Mrs. Jack Flax, of Los Angeles, is spending six weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. Lefcort, Querbes Avenue

Mrs. M. Rosenberg and children, of Brooklyn, N. Y., are the guests of Mrs. E. Garber, Sherbrooke Street West.

Max Donen, of New York, spent a few days in town last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Roman, 376 Redfern Avenue, entertained Monday evening, April 7, as a compliment to Mr. and Mrs. M. Dombrowsky and their sons, Charles and Albert, of Berlin, Germany. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Max Jacobs, Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Neumann, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Redlich, Miss Phae Redlich, Mrs. L. Samuelsohn and Miss Betty Samuelsohn, Mrs. Wilder and Miss Molly Wilder and Miss Fanny Roman. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Redlich, Sherbrooke Street West, also gave a dinner in their honor.

Mrs. P. Illievitz, of Pittsburgh, and Mr. and Mrs. J. Herman, of New York, who were guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Lustgarten, Jeanne Mance St. have gone home.

Dr. and Mrs. Bernard L. Hyams, Bishop Street, have returned from a week's stay at Nashville, Tenn., where the meeting of the American Society of Orthodonists was held.

Mrs. Irving Laing and daughter, Anita, 3845 Decarie Blvd., have left to visit for a few weeks with Mrs. Laing's parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. Goldman, of Brooklyn, N.Y.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Redlich, and daughter, Phae, 5 Northcliffe Avenue, have moved to 92 Sherbrooke Street West, Apartment 3.

Charles Draimin, of Springfield, Mass., is visiting his daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Arnovitz, Haddon Hall, Sherbrooke Street West.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Stream, of Ottawa, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. Stream, Champagneur Avenue, for the holidays.

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Mr. and Mrs. M. Dombrowsky, and sons, Charles and Albert, of Berlin, Germany, who were at the Mount Royal Hotel, left last Friday for New York, and are sailing for home April 15, on board the "Europa."

Dr. and Mrs. H. A. Sinclair, (formerly Miss Pearl Steinberg), have returned from their honeymoon.

Mrs. Abe Arbess, Prudhomme Avenue, is leaving for New York City accompanied by Miss Minnie Nemptin.

A surprise party was given for Mr. and Mrs. A. Marcovitch Sunday evening, April 6, by their relatives to celebrate their fourteenth anniversary. The table was decorated with roses. The guests of honor were presented with a dinner set and other gifts. Guests included Mr. and Mrs. L. Berkovitch, Mr. and Mrs. S. Chechik, Mr. and Mrs. H. Herscovitch, Mr. and Mrs. M. Karetkin, Mr. and Mrs. G. Marcovitch, Mrs. Green, Mrs. B. Kendall, Mr. and Mrs. L. Schwartz, Mr. and Mrs. G. Goldstein, Mr. and Mrs. J. Burke, and Mr. and Mrs. J. Teller.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Joseph and son, Henry, Mountain Street, returned Saturday, April 12, from a trip to Egypt and Palestine.

Mrs. M. Liverman, Duquette Avenue, who was visiting in Ottawa, has returned.

Henry Yanovitch, of New York, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Yanovitch, Jeanne Mance Street, for a week.

Mrs. R. Elwell, of Lawrence, L. I., spent a week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Joseph, Mountain Street.

Entertainments in honor of Miss Rose Daniels, a bride-elect of April 29, were given by: Mrs. Ben Bernstein, tea at the Mount Royal Hotel; Miss Grace Kaplansky, luncheon at the Windsor Hotel; Mrs. L. Goodman, dinner; Mrs. I. Bald, recipe tea; Mrs. A. Halpern, dinner; Mrs. P. Bernstein, luncheon and theatre party; Misses Dot and Lil Marks, luncheon at the Windsor Hotel; Miss E. Danziger, tea and dinner party; Mrs. D. Taub, bridge; Mrs. J. J. Daniels, bridge; Miss Eva Abramson, luncheon; Mrs. R. Cummings, luncheon and bridge; Mrs. H. Wolfe, bridge; Mrs. Philip Mecklenberg, bridge; Miss Bertha Lesser, bridge; and Mrs. H. Wexler, luncheon and theatre party.

OTTAWA

Mr. and Mrs. M. Epstein, of Hamilton, visited with their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Epstein, while in Ottawa to attend the A. J. Freiman banquet.

Mrs. Harry Engel, of New York, is visiting with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Kert. Mr. Engel spent Passover week-end in Ottawa.

Mrs. Louis Stein, of Montreal, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Edelstein last week.

Lawrence Baxt, student at McGill, spent Passover week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Baxt.

Harry Schaffer, of McGill college, was home for the past week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Schaffer.

Miss Eva Abramson, of Montreal, was here for Passover week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Freiman, of Hamilton, were here to attend the banquet in honour of their son, A. J. Freiman, were with their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. F. Bender.

Mrs. I. Chodicoff and children, of Troy, N. Y., are visiting with Mrs. Chodicoff's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Freedman.

Mrs. Edward Sugarman and Mrs. Irving Silverman, of Cleveland, Ohio, are visiting for the Passover holidays with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. Lachovitz.

Bernard Aronson flew to Toronto for a few days.

Mrs. H. Segal and baby, of Montreal, are visiting with Mrs. Segal's parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. Goldsmith.

Mrs. M. Roodman was hostess at a tea held in the vestry rooms of Rideau Street Synagogue in aid of the Ladies' Auxiliary. Presiding over the tea table which was centered with spring flowers and lighted tapers were Mrs. L. Roodman and Mrs. L. Loeb. They were assisted by Misses Adelaide Roodman, Rebecca Lee, Bella Roodman, Dora Roodman, Mesdames H. H. Hoodman, Rose Sadinsky, M. Berger and R. Lee. H. Finklestein and W. Bodofsky thanked the Ladies' Auxiliary for their work.

A tea and money shower was held by the Balfouria Girls of Young Judaea at the home of the secretary, Miss B. Silverman. Assisting the hostess were Misses M. Zelnik, E. Bookman, M. Burrett, A. Bookman and R. Silverman. Money donations were received by Miss E. Polowin and Miss B. Sherman.

Mrs. S. Lepofsky was hostess at a bridge at her home for Bertha Slonemsky Junior Chapter of Hadassah. The bridge prize was won by Miss Bea Slonemsky. The hostess was assisted in serving by Misses Sylvia Gould and Anne Slonemsky.

Over 250 attended the silver anniversary banquet tendered April 6 to A. J. Freiman, president of Adath Jeshurun, King Edward Avenue Synagogue, by the congregation to celebrate the completion of his 25 years as president of the synagogue. The tables were decorated with yellow candles, greenery and cut flowers. The chairman was Wolf Abelson, vice-president of the synagogue, assisted by Rabbi Nathan Kollin, toastmaster. Banquet committee, headed by C. Caplan, was composed of Mr. and Mrs. B. Weiss, M. A. Venis, L. S. Greenberg, S. Gluck, M. Pearlman, Dr. S. Mirsky, Mrs. A Slone, Mrs. Geo. Wolf, Benj. Goldfield, Mr. and Mrs. F. Bender, Louis Epstein, H. Rosenes, K. Smith, H. Pearl and G. Caplan. Mr. Freiman spoke. Mrs. Freiman was presented with a bouquet of flowers by Mrs. W. Abelson. Mr. Freiman's health was proposed by Benj. Pearl, and all sang "For he's a jolly good fellow." Mr. Freiman was presented with a silver gavel, and with a brass tablet on behalf of the congregation. The latter, bearing his name in large letters, will be placed on the King Edward Avenue Synagogue building. L. S. Greenberg gave the toast to the congregation, which was responded to by C. Caplan. The toast to the Sisterhood was proposed by Dr. S. Mirsky, and responded to by Mrs. Jean Slone, president. The Men's Club was toasted by S. Katz and Harry Rosenes replied. Cantor Joseph Rabbin sang. Mme. Bertha Pinco sang They were accompanied on the piano by Miss Miriam Pearl. Rev. J. Mirsky, Dr. S. Mirsky, Cantor J. Rabbin and Mrs. Rose Pearlman gave the historic Jewish welcome song as the guests of honour were entering the dining room. Those who accompanied the honourees at the head table, in addition to the chairman and toastmaster, were: Mr. and Mrs. W. Shenkman, Mr. and Mrs. B. Pearl, Mr. and Mrs. C. Caplan, Mrs. W. Abelson, Mr. and Mrs. H. Freiman, of Hamilton, parents of the president; Mr. and Mrs. M. Epstein, of Hamilton; Mr. and Mrs. F. Bender, Rev. and Mrs. J. Mirsky, Rev. and Mrs J. Rabbin, Mr. and Mrs. S. Katz, Mr. and Mrs. M. Pearlman, Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Greenberg, Mr. and Mrs A. Ash, Mr. and Mrs. Benj. Goldfield, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Epstein, Mr. and Mrs. H. Rosenes, Mr. K. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. B. Weiss.

Those present were:—Mr. and Mrs. A. Ash, Mr. and Mrs. W. Abelson, Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Abelson, N. Abelson, Mr. and Mrs. M. Appel, M. Appel, Mr. and Mrs. L. Abramson, H. Abramson.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Belman, Mr. and Mrs. S. Brodie, Mr. and Mrs. J. Bilsky, Miss Bender, Mr. and Mrs. H. Baxt, Mr. and Mrs. E. Bernett, Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Bender, Mrs. S. Bressler, Mr. and Mrs. J. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. L. Baker.

Mr. and Mrs. Caplan, S. Caplan, G. Caplan, Miss M. Caplan, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Coplan, Mr. and Mrs. M. Caplan, Mr. and Mrs. T. Caplan, Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Colle.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Diamond, Mr. and Mrs. L. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. M. Davidson, Mr. and Mrs. J. Davis, Dr. and Mrs. H. Dover, Mr. and Mrs. B. Dubinsky, Mr. and Mrs. C. Dubinsky, Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Diamond

Mr. and Mrs. L. Epstein, Mr. and Mrs. D. Epstein, Mr. and Mrs H. Edelstein, Mr. and Mrs. M. Evanchick, Mr. and Mrs. B. Edelson, Mr. and Mrs. M. Epstein, Hamilton, Ont.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Feller, Mr. and Mrs. A. Futeral, Mr. and Mrs. M. Feller, Mr. and Mrs M. Freedman, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Franklin, Mr. and Mrs. H. Freiman, C. A. Frazer.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Golden, Mr. and Mrs. S. Gluck, Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Greenberg, Miss Rose Greenberg, Mr. and Mrs. B. Goldfield, Mr. and Mrs. J. Ginsberg, Mr. and Mrs. H. Gould, Mr. and Mrs. M. Goldsmith.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Holzman, Mr. and Mrs. J. Horwitz, Mr. and Mrs. A. Horwitz.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Katz, Mr. and Mrs. J. Kizell, Mr. and Mrs. M. Kline, Mr. and Mrs. A. Kraus.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Lithwick, Mr. Levine, Mr. and Mrs. H. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. A. Levinson, A Levine of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. M. Lande of Montreal, Mr. and Mrs. M. Loeb.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Marks, Mr. and Mrs. N. Metrick, Mr. and Mrs. D. Mirsky, Mr. and Mrs. M. Max, Mr. S. Max, Mr. and Mrs. S Miller, Miss M. Miller, Mr. and Mrs. H. Middleman, Mr. and Mrs. M. Monson, Dr. S. Mirsky, Mr. and Mrs. L. Mortimer.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Pearl, Mr. and Mrs. B. Palef, Mr. and Mrs. L. Petegorsky, Mr. and Mrs. M. Pearlman, Mr. H. Pearl, Miss M. Pearl, Miss O. Pullan, Mr. and Mrs. M. Pinco.

Mr. and Mrs. I. Rosenthal, Mr. and Mrs. D. Rubin, Mr. and Mrs. H. Rosenes, Mr. and Mrs. J. Rachlin, Mr. L. Rachlin.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Slomensky, Mr. and Mrs. M. Shenkman, Mrs. J. Salter, Prof. and Mrs. F. H. Sinclair, Mr. and Mrs. I. Sigler, Mr. S. Sigler, Mr. and Mrs. A. Shaffer, Mr. and Mrs. I. Stone, K. Smith, Dr. and Mrs. A. Slone, Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Sugarman, Mr. and Mrs. S. Silverman, Mr. and Mrs. H. Sholhet, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Slonemsky, Dr. and Mrs. C. Shapiro, Mr. and Mrs. M. Soboov.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Torontow, Mrs. M. Torontow, Mr. and Mrs. S. Torontow, Mr. and Mrs. L. Torontow, Mr. and Mrs. O. Tradburks, Mr. and Mrs. C. Tanner.

Mr. and Mrs. F. Vexler, Mr. and Mrs. C. Vexler, Mr. and Mrs. M. Venis.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Weiss, Mr. and Mrs. C. Wilder, Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Wolf, Mr. and Mrs. B. Welsman.

Mr. and Mrs. I. Zalmineff.

CANADIANS IN LOS ANGELES

Mr. and Mrs. Flox left for Montreal and other points East.

Mr. and Mrs. Aron Block spent a few days at Palm Springs.

Among those who entertained recently for Miss Ruth Hirshberg, whose marriage to Bernard Glickman takes place early this summer, were: Mrs. Ben Balos, bridge tea; and Mr. and Mrs. Marcus J. Glickman, evening.

H. Goldstein spent a few days in San Fancisco.

Mrs. Maza and children, of Winnipeg, are at the St. Regis, Ocean Park Beach.

Mrs. Douglas Rosen, of Winnipeg, has returned home.

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The Debt

By Pauline Schwartz

Chayer was ill. Everybody in Greenfield Street could see that as she walked along the pavement, her head sunk, her cheeks deathly pale. In one hand she held a newspaper parcel, from which water was dripping in thin, miserable little trickles. Her Friday's fish. With the other hand she held a basket containing a miscellaneous supply of food. Potatoes, onions and apples, the tops of which had been mysteriously cut away. These were sold cheaply in the markets—the tops, bruised and rotten, had been dilligently removed by the greengrocer, and the remaining part of the apples, comparatively good, but still bearing traces of their over-ripeness and looking rather shame-faced, were sold at half the usual price. Also, protruding from the basket was a huge bottle, that had once contained wine, but now held a sickly looking greyish-white fluid. And a label pronounced loudly that this was "The Mixture." Reaching her door, Chayer put down her basket, and fumbled wearily in the pocket of her shabby coat for her key. But it was not there. With a gesture of despair she stepped into the road, lifted up her head, as though invoking a blessing from God, and called "Rivela, Rivela!" Her voice was weak, feeble. But the well-known sound penetrated to the room on the third floor—a small head was popped out of the window, a quick smile of greeting exchanged, and in a few minutes the street-door was opened by Chayer's youngest daughter, aged five.

Mounting the stairs was a tiring business for Chayer; on each landing she stopped, put down the basket, and waited for renewed strength. And the child, accustomed to the usual proceeding, halted patiently, her small hands clutching the parcel of fish, which she held at a careful distance, so that the water which still trickled from it should not soil her dress.

Chayer put the bag down, sat on the edge of a chair, and looked about her miserably. The room, with its so obvious poverty, depressed and wearied her. In one glance she took in everything afresh, the table which stood awkwardly, because one of its legs was unscrewed; the three wicker chairs, two of which were so worn as to require careful examination before they could be sat on, the dresser, which held a miscellaneous array of ugly chipped crockery, the appallingly large bed, which occupied so much space, and which was still unmade, the pillows tumbled as they had been when the four children rose in the morning; her own narrow sofa, its interior of straw and brightly coloured rags displayed shamelessly.

On the table were still the remains of the morning's breakfast—teacups, pieces of bread, a broken egg-shell left by her eldest son Isaac, who, besides being "a scholarship boy" of nearly thirteen, was studying for his confirmation ceremony, and required special nourishment. For two months now he had eaten a whole egg for his breakfast every morning, while the younger children, Sarah, Benjamin and Rivela, watched him with half-envious admiration.

Chayer's tired eyes wandered to the mantel-piece, puzzled, vaguely conscious that something was wrong. Then she started up in dismay. It was Friday, and her festal candlesticks had not been redeemed from the pawn-shop. Friday night wihtout her silver candle-sticks! She would sooner die. Feverishly she drew out her purse from her pocket and counted the contents. Impossible! She would have to borrow.

Suddenly there were three loud knocks. Chayer did not move. "Go and open the street door, golden child," she said to Rivela. In a few minutes the child returned followed by Chayer's neighbour Rebecca. Chayer turned to her in despair. "Rebecca, sweet one, you must lend me two shillings to redeem my candle-sticks. Israel won't have any peace in his grave if I don't have them Friday night." The other woman brought out her purse immediately, secretly wondering what she could best do without from her week-end shopping. Two shillings. She would have to see when she got home. "There you are, Chayele."

Chayer had spent three hours waiting to be served at the Medical Mission in Whitechapel. Her pent-up anger suddenly found expression. "Have I been, you ask? Have I not! All the morning listening to their whinning and their prayers. And when at last it was my turn to see the doctor, does he tell me anything new? He tells me I've got consumption. A black year on his head, and the head of all *Meshumadim!* May they be an atonement for the Jews! Don't I know that? 'And have plenty of good food, and don't worry, and take this medicine regularly.' A drop of coloured water. 'And come again in two weeks.' They would have to carry my dead body there."

"And the convalescent home, Chayele?" Rebecca asked anxiously. "The *Meshumadim*, a dark year on them, always send you away if you are ill. Did they say nothing about it?"

Chayer turned her thin, worn face towards her friend. Her eyes flashed angrily. "Yes. And they'll send me away. What will happen to my children, tell me? *They* will take care of them. When I come back, I won't have any Jewish children; there will be four *Meshumadim* waiting for me." She pretended to spit, contemptuously. "May God preserve me."

Rebecca regarded h[er] sadly. They had been friends t[ogether] in Poland. Within two yea[rs] they had both come to London, w[here] their husbands had found wor[k] Rebecca came first, Chayer a year later. Rebecca's husband still st[ruggled] to make a living—he carr[ied] on an unequal contest with Na[ture], who had blessed the union of Rebecca and her husband Jacob, and made them to be fruitful and to multiply. Chayer's husband had gi[ven in]

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died three years ago, from cancer in the throat. And the two women had stuck together, faithful friends.

"But, Chayele, if you are ill? Think. You'll be away a whole month, no work, no worries. And your children will be looked after all right."

"No worries?" The other woman turned on her indignantly. "What? Am I a stone? No worries! Why, my hair would turn grey in one week. Don't I know these *Meshumadim*? They give the children lovely food, as much as they want, and toys, and everything they can think of. And all the time they poison their minds against their mother who has given birth to them, and in spite of everything brought them up as Jews. And against God. It wouldn't be a holiday for me, but Gehenna. No! they won't send me to the convalescent while I'm still alive."

Rebecca knew very well that it was useless to argue further on the subject. Especially to argue against her own convictions. For she, also, together with every Jew, mistrusted profoundly these Missionaries, who, not content with denying the faith of their fathers, and becoming Christians, did their best to convert other Jews. Jewish men and women of the Ghetto went to them for medical attention and advice because they were given free. But they listened contemptuously to the religious services which were thrust upon them in exchange for medicine—and spat with exaggerated energy again the closed doors of the mission room.

Rebecca's heart ached as she looked at her friend. The ways of God were strange. So many of his children born into suffering—all their lives, no freedom. All their lives a struggle, a desperate fight for the accepted essentials of life. She glanced round the room helplessly. And in a moment learned that since she had been here two days before Chayer had again visited the pawnshop. The absence of the festal-candlesticks was an open secret—but the eiderdown from the children's bed was missing, and in its place two old overcoats. And Chayer's fur necklet, a present from her husband on giving him a fourth child, was also absent, as well as two coloured glass vases from the dresser. Half-consciously, Rebecca wrung her hands in despair. How was this going on? She, thank God, had two strong hands and could work at the trousers her husband brought back with him from the workshop. Leisure was to her a wild luxury, but a very mixed blessing, because it meant that there was not very much work, and, therefore, less money coming in. And even with her work, and her husband's, theirs was not a house of plenty. For six months she had been struggling to save enough to redeem her golden earrings and brooch, wedding presents from her husband, and pawned when they were "enjoying" their holidays; but it was impossible, and Rebecca was thankful that they could afford to pay the shilling and eigthpence interest every month, which ensured the trinkets remaining unsold.

But something would have to be done for Chayer. If God, with his overwhelming amount of work, had overlooked her, then somebody would have to act as his agent, till such time as he could look upon her again. But what was to be done? Rebecca would have to think hard.

"And now lie down for a little while, Chayer," she said kindly. "I will take your fish and fry it with mine—it won't take any time, and then I'll bring it, and tidy up here. You're to lie down for a little while, do you hear?"

Chayer looked at her gratefully, then mumbled something about being unwilling to waste anybody's time. Rebecca was annoyed. "That's right. Speak to me as though I were a stranger—a Meshumad. A black year on all their heads, dear God. Wouldn't I ex-

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Rabbi Maurice N. Eisendrath Rabbi Harry J. Stern.

I wholly disapprove of what you say and will defend to the death your right to say it.—Voltaire to Helvetius

Canadian Jewish Review invites correspondence on subjects of interest to the Jewish people, but disclaims responsibility for endorsement of the views expressed by the writers. All correspondence must be signed with the full name of the writer.

APRIL 18, 1930 VOLUME XI, NUMBER 26

Temple Emanu-El
4128 Sherbrooke Street West
Rabbi Harry J. Stern

Passover Sabbath Services Friday April 18th, at 8.15 p.m. Sermon: "Passover and Easter." Saturday services, April 19th, at 10:30 a.m. Sermon: "The Valley of The Dry Bones."

Wednesday, April 23rd., the Brotherhood will hold its dinner meeting and election. A symposium by a physician, lawyer and business man on "What Judaism Means To Me" will be presented. The Brotherhood is raffling a Chevrolet car in order to increase its funds for Social Service Work. Committee: Clarence Michaels, Arthur Simon, Arthur S. Jacobs, Jerome Lewinson and L. B. Lazarus.

The Flower Fund of the Sisterhood is in charge of Mrs. E. P. Van Geun and Mrs Howard Robinson.

The Sisterhood committee in charge of the Congregational Seder Saturday evening was: Mesdames Arthur Simon, J. Lewinson, Albert Michaels, J. P. Levee, G. Fischel, Arthur Friedman, Charles Goldstein, Maurice Levee, Rodolph Fischel, E. Regal and Geo. Goldstein.

School of Religion Assembly will be in charge of Miss Frances Katz instructor of Class Six. Graduation in the High School Department, Friday evening, May 2nd. Graduates: Nathan Keyfitz, Raymond Berzan, Eugene Russell, Alfred Russell, Ralph Miller, Alfred Israels and Moss Goldstein. At the Shabuouth Services Monday, June 2nd., the following will be confirmed: Mortimer Paul Levy, Edith June Schwartz, Kenneth Van Geun, Bram Rublnovitch and Edith Silver Jacobson.

The Congregational Seder was held Passover Eve, Saturday, April 12th. Rabbi Stern officiated. Those who assisted him with the reading of the Haggadah were: Maxwell Goldstein, K.C., C. N. Sommer, Mrs. G. Fischel and Mrs. Arthur Simon. The Temple Choir chanted Passover melodies. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. Arnovitz, Mr. and Mrs. I. Danson, Stanley Davis, Lloyd Davis, Mrs. G. Fischel, Mr. and Mrs. Rodolphe Fischel, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Friedman, Herman Frankel, Benno Frankel, Edgar Frankel, Mrs. J. Engel, Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Fingard, Harold Fischel, Mr. and Mrs Nathan Gordon, Miss Jessie Goldstein, Miss Ruth Goldstein, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Goldstein and family, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. A. Goldstein, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Goldstein and family, Mr. and Mrs. Max Goldstein, Edmund Gordon, Charles Goldstein, Joseph Horwitz, Maltabel Horowitz, Mr. and Mrs. J. Issenman and family, Mrs. S. D. Livingstone, Mrs David Cohen, Mr. and Mrs. J. Loebel, L. B. Lazarus, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Levee, Mr. and Mrs. M. Levi, Mr. and Mrs. Jerome Lewinson, Mrs. Medine, Henrietta Medine, Sydney Medine and Myer Medine, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Miller, Mrs. Albert Michael and Leonard Michael, Mrs. A. Rost, Mr. and Mrs. E. Regal, Joel Saxe, A. Sommer, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Shapiro, Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Sommer, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Simon, Harry Simon, Mr. and Mrs. Jules Helm and Emmy, Elaine Simon, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Simon, Martin Simon, Jr., Arthur Schallek, Miss Louise Silverman, Walter S. Segal, Mr. and Mrs. Aron Schwartz, Mr. and Mrs. J. Wiener and family, Jacob Benslon, Mr. Frans and Mr. Wilson of London, England.

Rabbi Stern addressed the Montreal Theosophical Society on "Evolution and the Bible." He delivered an address at the United Congregational Church on "Unity versus Uniformity" and will address the Montreal Psychology Club Monday evening, April 14th, on "The Possible Man." April 27th he is to address St. Cuthbert's Presbyterian Church on "Goodwill Between Jew and Christian." May 8th, the Montreal Lyons Club. May 12th he is to present a paper to the Protest Ministerial Association of Montreal on "A Jewish View of Modernism." May 13th, he will speak to the Verdun Y's Men's Club. Rabbi Stern will deliver the commencement address at the High School of Steubenville, Ohio, Thursday, June 5th.

Beth David Congregation, 422 St. Joseph Blvd. West, Outremont. Rabbi S. Herschorn.

Saturday morning the usual two services. Sunday morning service starts at 9. a.m. with cantor and choir. The prayers for the dead will be read. Sermon at 10 30.

Junior Beth David Assembly at its first open meeting April 8 heard Louis Fitch, on "Modern Development of Hebrew Literature." Miss Dora Gradinger sang and Miss Florence Freeman recited. Dancing and refreshments.

Shaar Hashomayim, Rabbi Herman Abramowitz, Cote St. Antoine Road, Corner Kensington.

Passover services: Friday, at 6.30 p.m. Sabbath morning (Seventh Day Passover) at 8.45, Mincha at 6, Maariv at 6.30. Sunday (Eighth Day Passover) at 6, Mincha at 6 30 p.m. Maariv at 7 p.m. Friday services at 6.30 p.m. Week-day services at 7.30 a.m. Evening at 7.

Sermon topics: Saturday: "Shulamith"; Sunday: "A Philosophy of Life."

Memorial prayers for the departed will be recited next Sunday the eighth day of Passover, at about 10.15 a.m.

Mrs. Jacob Rubin and Mrs. Lazare Blumer were the committee of the Women's Auxiliary who during the past week visited the public wards of the local hospitals.

Pupils of the Sunday School and the Hebrew School are participating in the city-wide contest on "Facts About Palestine," sponsored by the Jewish National Fund. Pupils from various schools throughout the city, including the Talmud Torahs and the Jewish People's Schools are preparing for this contest, the finals of which will be held early in June.

During the coming week Hebrew sessions will be held in the mornings. Information from Westmount 2247.

The first issue of "Ha'hed" (The Echo), published in Hebrew by the pupils of the Hebrew School, appeared this week. The current issue contains selections from class work and examinations given in the course of the present year, as well as several original contributions.

At the Junior Services last Saturday Marcus M. Sperber, K.C., spoke on "Passover — Israel's Birthday." The honour of opening the Ark was given to Clarence White and the following were called to the reading of the Law: Bernard Besner, Solly Ein, Moe Usher, Bernard Engel, Mark Goldenberg, Moe Steinberg, Morton Bloomfield, M. Sperber. The Brochoth for the Haftorah were chanted by Abe Rabinovitch, and the honours of Hagbah and Gelilah were given to Bryant Auerbach, and Alvin Lesser.

On account of Passover services this Sabbath, the Junior Congregation will not hold its regular services but will participate in the regular services with their parents.

Rabbi Jacob Kohn, of New York City, will preach from this pulpit at services, Saturday morning, May 10th, on "Holiness in its Social Functioning." He is the rabbi of Congregation Ansche Chesed, West End Avenue, and is also vice-president of the United Synagogue of America.

Approaching Marriages

The marriage of Gertrude, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. Kimmerfield, to William (Bill) son of Mr. and Mrs. I. Elman, takes place June 10 at Bnai Jacob Synagogue.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Chinks announce the approaching marriage of their eldest daughter, Tillie, to Joseph, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Gertler, at Chevra Kadisha Synagogue, Hutchison Street, Thursday, June 12.

The marriage of Rose, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Daniels, to Gabriel Danziger, takes place April 29, at the Mount Royal Hotel, Rabbi H. Abramowitz officiating.

Engagements

Mr. and Mrs. N. Fagan announce the engagement of their daughter, Molly, to Abe Liben, son of Mr. and Mrs. S. Liben, Wedding June 8.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Moore, of Joplin, Mo., announce the engagement of their sister, Sally Moore, of Montreal, to Ben, son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Obront, of Montreal.

DRAMATIC RECITAL

A dramatic recital will be given by the pupils of the Moyra Melrose School of Dramatic Art, at Victoria Hall, April 22 at 8 p.m. Taking part are: Lillian Bernard, Phyllis Fitch, Ethel Lustgarten, Natalie Richer, Edythe Richer, Phyllis Schafer, Lois Simand and Clarice Solomons.

TO PRESENT PLAYS

The Juvenile section of the Little Theatre Players will present two plays, "Sing a Song of Sixpence" and "Polly's Little Prank" at Victoria Hall, April 26 at 2.30 p.m. In leading parts are Clarice Solomons, Marjory Brewer, Helen McMaster, Rose Morris and Phyllis Fitch.

IN MEMORIAM MEETING

Ladies Bikur Cholilm Society met at the home of Mrs. I. Mindel, 735 Champagneur Avenue, Outremont, April 2, in memory of Mrs. I. Levine. Mrs. M Lefcort presided. Mrs. P. Gordon read the minutes. The hostess donated a brass tray to be raffled, which was won by Mrs. Coblitz who donated $1.

Y. W. H. A.

Melsab club will hold a bazaar and dance Sunday, May 18, afternoon and evening at the Y.W.H.A. Auditorium, 3561 St. Urbain Street. Proceeds go to the Y. In aid of the bazaar Misses Sara Pashlin and Sara Snider entertained at a linen shower and bridge, March 18th. Misses Ray Cohen and Lea Dancovitch gave a linen shower and bridge, March 24th, Misses Fanny Shapiro and Gertrude Holzman gave a linen shower and bridge, April 7th and Misses Reba Gross and Zip Snider a linen shower and bridge April 15th. The following clubs and individuals made donations to the bazaar: Mrs. A. J. Alexandor, Atalanta Club, Original League, Junebuds, Billikens, Elvira Club, Olympian Club and the Y. Sorority.

Bar-Mitzvahs

Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Fineberg, Jeanne Mance Street, were hosts at a dinner for seventy-five guests at Kupchick's Grill, in honor of the bar-mitzvah of their son, William. Bernard Figler was toastmaster. Toasts were given by Samuel Hart, Leon H. Fischel, J. H. Wener, B. Brodsky, H. W. Serchuk, Dr. and Mrs. J. Fineberg, M. Tarantour and M. Rubinsky, Hebrew teacher of the bar-mitzvah. H. S. Fineberg and the bar-mitzvah spoke. Mr. and Mrs. B. Brodsky and S. Samuels sang. Guests were Mr. and Mrs. S. Hart, Mr. and Mrs. Leon H. Fischel, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Wener, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Figler, Mrs. A. Serchuk, grandmother of the bar-mitzvah, Dr. and Mrs. J. Fineberg, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Serchuk, Mrs. B. Thaw, Mrs. G. W. Serchuk, Mr. and Mrs. I. Goldwang, Mr. and Mrs. M. Tarantour, Mr. and Mrs. J. Augustan, Mr. and Mrs. S. Serchuk, Mr. and Mrs. S. Chernoff, Mr. and Mrs. S. Caplan, Mr. and Mrs. S. Katz, Mr. and Mrs. S. Mayoff, Mr. and Mrs. H. Goldstein, Mr. and Mrs. W. Goldater, Mr. and Mrs. J. Quint, Mr. and Mrs. S. Lipson, Mr. and Mrs. B. Brodsky, Mr. and Mrs. D. Bloomfield, Mrs. M. Segal, Mr. and Mrs. E. Tartick, Mr. and Mrs. I. Brodie and Misses F. Serchuk, Ettie Fineberg, Feodora Lazarovitch, and B. Serchuk and S. Samuels and S. H. Fineberg.

Myer Engelberg, son of Mr. and Mrs. N. Engelberg, was bar-mitzvah Sunday, April 13, at 10 a.m. at Beth David Synagogue. Mr. and Mrs. Engelberg entertained at their home St. Viateur Street West Monday April 14, Mr. and Mrs. S. Guttman, Mr. and Mrs. A. Hecht, Mr. and Mrs. G. Greenberg, Mr. and Mrs. M. Hecht, Mr. and Mrs. Goldstein, Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Schwartz, Mr. and Mrs. N. Jurist, Mr. and Mrs. L. Lazare and Mr. and Mrs. A. Herscovitch. The bar-mitzvah spoke.

Born

To Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rothman (née Nellie Rosen) April 5, at the Royal Victoria Maternity Hospital a son.

To Mr. and Mrs. A. Glazer, Brooklyn, N.Y., (née Jean Steinberg) daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Steinberg, 318 Elm Avenue, a son, April 12 at Beth Israel Hospital.

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COMMENTARIES

By Rabbi HARRY J. STERN, *of Montreal,*
Associate Contributing Editor

CHRIST BEGETTERS

This is the Easter Season and devout Christians are reflecting upon "The Crucifixion". And I wonder if the Christian world ever realizes that traceable directly to this tale of sacrifice is the centuries-long crucifixion of Israel as a people. For over nineteen centuries Christian children have been fed upon the narration of the New Testament depicting a great tragedy. The child's eyes are directed to the trickling blood of nailed hands. The psychology of seeing blood creates bad blood. Thus with the very best of intentions the Christian child begets resentment and looks upon the Jewish child as a Christ-killer. Of course, with the advance of education and scientific research, the Crucifixion story is losing the potency for prejudice and Jew-hate that it wielded in the Middle Ages and the centuries of darkness. But if there be fellowship between Jew and Christian, the Church must teach that the Jew is the Christ Begetter rather than the Christ Killer. We Jews blessed the world with Christ and the world in turn curses us for having given Christ to it.

As a matter of fact, if, as Churchianity teaches that the only begotten Son of God was to be crucified as a vicarious atonement to save the sinful world; and God used the Jew as the vehicle to bring about the crucifixion, why blame the Jew? The fault rests with God!

And supposing there were some Jews in that "mob" in Jerusalem that demanded Jesus be put to death. What of it? Certainly Socrates was put to death by the Greeks—are their descendants persecuted to-day? Are the Italians ever reproached because their ancestors burned Savanerola at the stake? Who ever reproached the descendants of those whose intolerance burned witches in Salem? Indeed the crucifixion of Belgium in recent years was condemned by all—and yet will the descendants of those who committed these crimes be tortured or even blamed for the deeds of their fathers? Indeed no fingers of rebuke are pointed at the religious beliefs of those who inspired or perpetrated these ghastly outrages.

On Easter Day especially, I wish that the followers of Jesus would remember that while the Nazarene was on the cross, amidst pain and suffering, he cried, "Father forgive them: they know not what they do". Indeed if the Nazarene himself forgave, how much more forgiving ought to be his followers? But are they? Think of the centuries of Christlessness practiced by Churchianity.

Recent researches in the crucifixion narratives tend to show that the Jews were not responsible for the execution of Jesus. The Jews had no reason to put Jesus to death. He, as a Jew, practiced Judaism. He came not to destroy the law but to uphold it. He observed the Jewish feasts and festivals as is evidenced by his observance of the Passover Supper. Jesus knew nothing about such doctrines of Churchianity as Trinity, Virgin Birth, Original Sin.

Jesus as a Jew, resented Roman oppression. The authorities of the Romans looked upon him as a revolutionist, as they did on other young Jews who rebelled against Roman autocracy. The Romans, therefore, crucified him. Crucifixion was a common method of punishment in Roman days. The Romans even mocked Jesus: on the cross they placed the following inscription: "Jesus, King of the Jews".

*

Jesus taught Judaism. This is evidenced by the very teachings found in the New Testament. Christians have never affirmed Jesus: that has been the great tragedy!

When one of the scribes asked Jesus, "Master, what is the greatest commandment?" he replied, "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God, the Lord is one". And when the scribe asked further for the second great commandment, Jesus said, "Love thy fellow man as thyself". (Mark 12. 29-31).

The Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of man are the two cardinal doctrines of Judaism. These if followed and adhered to by all religionists will speedily usher in—The Kingdom of God. At this Passover-Easter Season both Jew and Christian must especially remember that we are children of One Father and that One God created us all. In the words of Alexander Kohut—we ask—

"When shall this tumult cease, and nations learn
That violence is bestial, and cries out
Each pious Christian's sacrilegious doubt?
Wherefore the raging, and the vaunting boast,
The lust of power, the armor-laden host,
The flame of vengeance, swift to flare and burn?
Is this the creed and tenet of the Jew,
Who preached his gentle doctrine, the days
When Galilee—the parting of the ways
Was strangely full of peace? Shall he arise,
With tears of pity streaming from his eyes,
From Golgotha, to say this unto you:
"Forgive them, God, they know not what they do!
These Christians, strangely purblined in their view."

THE POOR RABBONIM

So this erev Pesach the Orthodox Rabbis of Montreal had to carry on "police duty" in front of butcher shops warning women not to buy from shops that are not under the control of the Vaad Hair. What a deterioration in Jewish life! Rabbonim—men of Torah have been forced to take on police duty!

The fault rests with the Orthodox community. In the very first place the Rabbonim are entitled to receive material support from congregations and are not to depend for their livelihood upon the Kosher meat industry. Hardly an Orthodox Synagogue in the entire Montreal that gives a decent honorarium to its spiritual leader. Many of these congregations pay fine salaries to their Chazanim—but the Rabbonim are forced to go begging. What a shame! It certainly is not in keeping with classical Orthodox Judaism. Has Orthodox Montreal lost its Jewish self-respect?

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UNITED PALESTINE APPEAL SEEKS $100,000 HERE

May 11 in Montreal a dinner will be given in honour of A. J. Freiman, president of the Zionist Organization of Canada, and chairman of the United Palestine campaign committe. Montreal's quota is $100,000. Maurice Samuel, author, will lecture to the lodges of the Zionist Order Habonim, April 21, 22, 23, and 24. Mr. Samuel, who has been heard here is the author of "You, Gentiles," and "What Happened in Palestine." Thursday, April 24th., Mr. Samuel will be the honour guest at a luncheon to be given by the Zionist Order Habonim.

ZIONIST NEWS

In Montreal, the three largest amounts found in National Fund boxes were in those owned by Mrs. M. Sessenwein, whose Blue Box contained $61.75; by Mrs. H. Bronfman, $27.90; and Mrs. A. Poyaner, $13. Headquarters received a contribution of $15.20 from Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Eisner, of Springhill, N. S. In recognition of services to Hadassah Organization the name of Mrs. Esther Cohen, who died in her 80th year, was inscribed in the Golden Book of the Jewish National Fund by O. Coben, through Eta Cohen Chapter of Hadassah.

HABONIM HEAR DEBATE

Balfour Lodge, Zionist Order of Habonim, met Tuesday, April 1 at Zionist Headquarters, Sherbrooke Street West. In a debate, "Resolved that the Jews abandon the idea of a Jewish state in Palestine," affirmative were H. Kandleshain and H. Small; negative, H. Lewis and A. Feiner. B. Figler awarded the decision to the negative. Attending were Charles C. Clark, A. Feiner, S. S. Feiner, Dan Freedman, Nathan Ixenberg, Hyman Kandleshain, Harry Lewis, Louis B. Magil, I. Rubin, Joseph Saxe, David Silverstone, H. Small, I. Brown, I. J. Walner, M. S. Mensher, H. Krassner, M. Fishman, A. Goldenblatt, Abe Blustein, H. Hahamovitch and Jules Slotin. Visitors were B. Gradinger and J. Cohen. Bowling prizes were awarded to Abe Blustein, Dan Freedman and Henry Small for the three highest averages.

HADASSAH

North End Chapter of Hadassah held a bridge and mah jongg Tuesday, April 15, at 2.30 p.m. at the home of Mrs. S. Gruber, 90 St. Catherine Road.

SOCIETY ELECTS OFFICERS

Bnai Jacob Young People's Society met Wednesday April 9th and elected Dr. Harold Heracovitch, president; Max Crestohl, vice president; Miss Rosalee Gotthell, re-elected secretary by acclamation; Arthur Schulman, re-elected treasurer by acclamation; Hyman London, advertising manager. Misses Pearl Sonenberg, Doris Malles, Mabel Corn and Michael Greenblatt, Harry Himmenstein, Bernard B. Cohen, Bernard Lustgarten, executive committee.

AUXILIARY ELECTION

Dinah Lily Caplan Auxiliary met at the home of the treasurer, Miss Minnie Averson, Tuesday evening, April 8th, and elected as president, Miss Rose Silverman; vice-president, Miss C. Goodman; secretary, Miss Anita Kovshoff; recording secretary, Miss Sarah Miller; treasurer, Miss Minnie Averson. Chairman membership committee, Miss Minnie Bronstein; Chairman, Dramatic Group, Miss Eva Shacket. Percy Caplan and Miss Sarah Miller were unanimously chosen as counsellors. Program by: pianist, Miss Minnie Suffrin, Miss Goodman, singer. Refreshments were served by the hostess.

LACK OF FUNDS CLOSES FREE HEBREW SCHOOL

Yeshiva Rabbi Solomon Kluger Schobl, 376 East Houston Street, New York, founded twenty-five years ago as a free parochial school for the instruction of Orthodox Jewish children, was closed. When its 600 pupils came trudging to their daily tasks they were informed that lack of funds had forced the closing of the doors and that, unless financial aid is forthcoming, they will remain closed.

At the school it was announced later in the day that its supporters had moved from the neighborhood in recent years and that it had been found impossible to carry on. Thirty-two teachers, seventeen in the English department and fifteen in the Hebrew department and fifteen in the Hebrew eighteen weeks, it was declared. Michael Kaplan, who is also principal of Public School 93, Brooklyn, has been head of the English department and Rabbi Yoel Fink has been in charge of the Hebrew section of the school.

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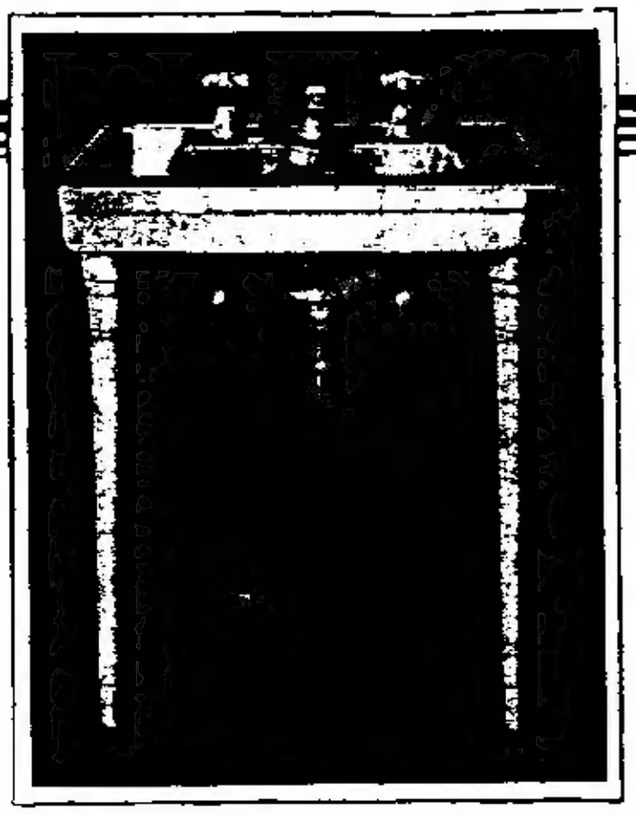

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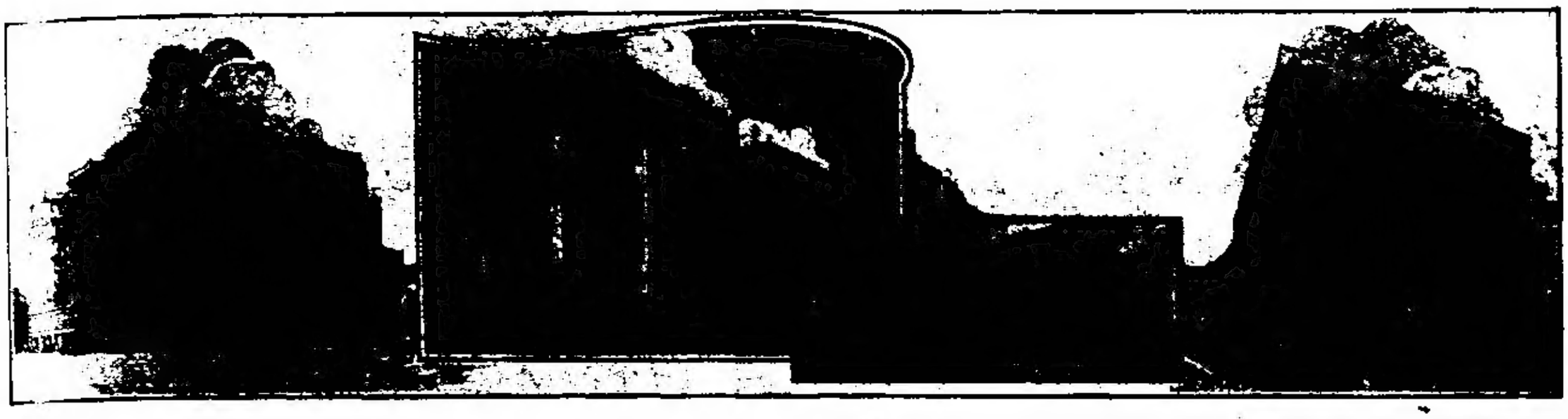

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J. L. Vachon and Fils, Limited, 5604 St. Hubert Street, dealers and manufacturers of doors and sashes did the doors, window sashes, ironing boards, kitchen cupboards, china cabinets for Kahn and Nathanson's flats on Dollard Ave. between Van Horne and Ducharme Aves. They also did the doors and window sashes for the following: The Haddon Hall Apts., Sherbrooke St., West; Houses on Boyer, corner St. Joseph Blvd. East; The Thimineur Apts., on Rockland Ave., corner Ducharme Ave., the new La Patrie Bldg. on Garnier Ave. corner Jean Talon Street. Work on new offices for MacLean Building Reports, Bleury Street, also J. Gilettz's Apt. house on St. Catherine St. West, corner Clarke Ave., Westmount. For further information telephone Belair 6288.

P. Simon sold to M. Riasman the undivided half of lots Nos. 175, 176, St. Jean Baptiste ward, with buildings bearing the civic Nos. 4321 to 4327, fronting on Colonial avenue, for $1,250.

G. Easano sold to M. Wiseman et al lot No. 485-178, northwest part of 179 southeast part of 179, 210-104, Villeray and Montcalm ward, measuring 45 by 90 to 115 feet, with buildings bearing the civic Nos. 7124 to 7134, fronting on Chambord street and Nos. 6711, 6713, fronting on Papineau street, for $6,072 and other considerations.

S. Drasin sold to Estate T. C. Keeper lot No. 277-14, city of Westmount, measuring 31 by 110 feet, with buildings bearing the civic No. 4323 fronting on Kitchener avenue, for $20,000.

H. Shuster et al, sold to A. Bastien lot No. 1822-10, St. Andrew ward, measuring 22 by 80 feet, with buildings bearing the civic No 470 fronting on Prince Arthur street, for $15,-500.

B. Levin sold to Lancashire Land & Construction Co. Ltd., lots Nos. 176-209-2, 176-210-2, 176-211-2, 176-212-2, 176-209-3, 176-210-3, 176-211-3, 176-212-3, etc., Notre Dame de Grace ward, measuring 30 x 89 feet, with buildings bearing the civic No. 355, fronting on Oxford avenue, for $1 and other considerations.

J. C. Morris sold to J. Faubert, et al., lot No. 4679-973, city of Verdun, measuring 25 by 75 feet, without buildings, fronting on Moffat avenue, for $800.

W. D. Otter sold to J. Schloman lots Nos. 142-33, 34, town of Pointe Claire measuring 28,799 feet, with buildings, bearing the civic No. 53, fronting on Cedar avenue, for $4,500.

Malkinson Construction Ltd. sold to S. D. Cohen lots Nos. 33-181-1, 33-182-1, City of Outremont, measuring 28 by 80 feet, with buildings bearing the civic No. 351, fronting on de l'Epee avenue, for $8,500.

A. Glassberg sold to Glassberg's Silk House, Ltd., lot No. 343, St. Lawrence ward, with buildings bearing the civic Nos. 388 to 394 St. Lawrence boulevard and 307 to 311 fronting on Clarke avenue, for $57,-000.

H. Freedman sold to C. Palmer lot No. 1-11385 Villeray ward, measuring 25 by 93 feet, with buildings bearing the civic Nos. 7056 to 7060 fronting on St. Lawrence Boulevard for $14,900.

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REALTY NEWS

J. Ettenberg sold to Montreal Loan & Discount Syndicate pt. N. W. 11-914 St. Michel ward, measuring 25 by 78 feet, with buildings bearing the civic Nos. 5688 to 5692 fronting on Esplanade avenue for $7,250.

L. Kushner sold to J. Panasuk lot No. 637-267 Town of Mount Royal with buildings bearing the civic Nos. 6957, 6959, fronting on Bloomfield avenue for $7,300.

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The Island Within

A Novel by Ludwig Lewisohn

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(Continued from last week)

Eli got up. "How about your boy, Arthur?"

Arthur lowered his head and he felt the corners of his lids burning. "I don't know. . . I don't know."

They gathered about him after that first evening, his sister and his brother and even their child, as though to protect him from the blows of untoward circumstance. Something streamed from them that was deeper than affection. An immemorial solidarity? Creatures always exposed to the storms of earth and having to cling together for protection? He could not tell. He only knew it warmed him — this attitude of his kinspeople.—warmed him and cleared his brain. It warmed them, too, in their desolateness. They begged him to stay another day and another. But patients were clamoring in New York and he had a wistful tragic longing for Elizabeth—a longing like the longing one feels for autumn, for leave-takings, for the end of a feast in its midst, for night at high noon, for the ache of loneliness. . .

VII

Elizabeth was already at home when he returned. She seemed rested and softened. She clung to him for a moment when they met and he blamed himself for feeling even in that clinging the presage of farewell. The child was still in Far Rockaway and so Arthur and Elizabeth were alone together as they had been during the early days of their union. The memories of those early days were here to haunt them with their pathos in the bright, tense, perishing autumnal days. . . . They had dinners out and Elizabeth told Arthur of the renewed impressions she had received of the countryside and the people of her childhood. She thought she would like to spend a rather quiet winter and try to do a novel, a slightly new kind of novel for a contemporary American of their set. Not a book of implicit and explicit criticism and protests, but a sort of idyll, recounting those simple lives of the Protestant farmers from within, from their own point of view. The centre and pivot of the story would be a full-length portrait of a man like her father. She lifted her head in that proud, sweet, girlish way which had never lost its magic for Arthur and said:

"Dad was too dear and pathetic for words. He asked me whether you and I were quite happy. I told him that I was afraid that I wasn't altogether the right kind of a wife for you. Do you know what he answered?" Arthur shook his head. "You must try to obey and please your husband in every way—especially in this case.' I was curious and asked: 'Why especially in this case?' 'Because," Dad said—and you should have seen the utter innocence and conviction in his eyes —'because you might bring him to Christ.'" She played with a spoon in front of her and looked down at the table. "Does that seem very ridiculous to you?"

"Not at all. It was beautifully in character, of course."

She looked up. "Isn't life funny? Father is quite Christ-like. So, in the sense of patience and kindness and not judging, are you. Oh yes, you are! It came all over me—I hadn't seen Dad in three years, you know—how alike you and he are. It's conviction with him and instinct with you. I'm the rebel and the pagan. But I can't help it."

They were silent for a while. He put his hand over hers.

"What are we going to do, Elizabeth?"

"Don't know yet, Darling. Do you mind this uncertainty terribly? Of course, it depends a little or, rather, more than a little, on you."

He withdrew his hand. "It's not for me to be impatient or intolerant, Elizabeth. I only know that I seem to be living in a void. And it seems to me more and more as though many Jews are living in a void. Now what they do is to settle down and establish a real home in the quite old-fashioned sense and cling to that and so shut out the sense of emptiness and of not belonging anywhere. I have the same impulse, but it seems that this complete settling down is repugnant to your instincts. You don't need it. You're not living in a void. You belong somewhere and in fact everywhere. Even if you forced yourself to do outwardly as I wish, I doubt whether that would solve the problem. I'm on the edge of perceptions that I dare not admit even to myself. They are so extreme that you would laugh at them. They are so extreme that my father and mother would think that I'd lost my mind; my Jewish colleagues would be quite sure of it. So, you see, I have no more certitude than you have. I have less, in fact, far less. Who am I to be impatient?"

She looked at him earnestly. "I'm a fairly intelligent human being, Arthur. Why don't you tell me what's really in your mind?"

"I will as soon as it is clear and so articulate. Today it isn't I don't know enough. I'll like to spend a quiet winter, too, and take up some studies that have nothing to do with either medicine or psychiatry. But I want to raise a practical problem that cuts into the root of the matter: How are we going to bring up John?"

She nodded. "Dad raised the same question. But I put him off. He is afraid, of course, that John's soul won't be saved. Well, we're not."

"I am." He saw her utterly astonished look. "You're saved, Elizabeth, because you live in a stream of tradition that is native to you. The stream changes. You don't believe what your father believes. The intellectual processes and assents are different. But the stream is the same. You are an American Protestant. Your divergences from your ancestors are normal divergences within the native tradition of your race and blood and historic experience. But I and many like me have tried to live as though we were American Protestants or, at least, the next best thing to that. And we're not. And the real American Protestants know we're not. And so we live in a void, in a spiritual vacuum. The devil of it is we don't know exactly what we are. Now, to come back to John. I'll be perfectly willing to have him brought up as a partaker in your tradition and have him feel at home in his country and its life as a Protestant American. But I can't help to bring him up that way. And, what's worse, his name is Levy and the more of a Protestant American he were in his heart and soul the more disastrous to him would be the things which in a Protestant Amer-

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jean civilization are bound to happen to some one named Levy. I don't see all that clearly enough yet. But I see it."

Her eyes were wide. "I think I see what you mean, Arthur. But don't you think you overestimate the prejudice?"

"No, I'm afraid not. Your international literary crowd in New York is no criterion."

A look of fear, instinctive and unarticulate, came into Elizabeth's eyes. "You don't mean to say, Arthur, that you would think of having John brought up as a religious Jew?"

He did not answer at once.

"Tell me, Arthur," she repeated. "Is that what you mean?"

"I'm not prepared to go as far as that. I told you that I was only on the edge of perceptions. But your instinctive terror at the very thought is enormously instructive."

She drew herself up. "It's all a nightmare. Can't we all just be human?"

Arthur smiled. "What is it to be human Nothing abstract. Show me a human being who isn't outwardly and inwardly some *kind* of a human being, dependent, though he were the most austere philosopher, in his human life on others of more or less the same *kind*. There is no place of *kindless* people in the world. And if you establish a colony of extra-religious and supra-national philosophers and sages, male and female, their extra-religiousness and supra-nationalism would establish their kind and their inner kinship, and, far from having broken up the families of mankind, we would have added but another family—a magnificent one, I grant you—to those that already exist. In a word, this vague cry, let us be human—it's a favorite cry among Jews—means nothing and gets you nowhere."

Elizabeth smiled. "How brilliant you are, Arthur. You ought to write something about that. It would make a gorgeous article."

They laughed together.

"You know I don't write. And, anyhow, what good would that do John?"

"Poor little John," she teased. "Don't let's be so solemn and intellectual about it all. I have a notion that it will all take care of itself in some natural way. As Dad always says, God is good." . . .

A few days later the elder Levys returned to the city and the child with its nurse came home. The summer had done the little fellow good. He was sturdier and more vivid. He looked more and more like Hazel. His nose was almost as straight as Elizabeth's. But he was, in coloring and expression, a Jewish child. He had never been continuously with his grandparents before. He had taken a tremendous fancy to them. He wanted his grandpa and his grandma. Elizabeth said with a tang of bitterness:

"Of course he's spoiled. Your mother pettied around after him all day long. I can't quite do that." John was on Arthur's lap. Elizabeth looked at them. "I suppose you think that's what I ought to do."

"No, I don't think *you* ought to do it."

"Which is to say that you wish John had a mother who would and could and wanted to."

Arthur put the child down. "It isn't like you, Elizabeth, to try to pick that sort of a female quarrel."

"I suppose not. But don't be so terribly superior. I must say, Arthur, I do think that that is a Jewish characteristic. It's probably an excellent thing for John that the world doesn't rotate about him when he's at home. Run along to nurse, John. No, you must obey mother. Run along. You see, Arthur, he's very nearly unmanageable." Her face was slightly red.

"What's irritated you so, Elizabeth?" Arthur asked, quietly.

"I don't know. I'm sorry."

"Is it that John struck you as looking particularly Jewish today?"

She tugged at a little handkerchief which she was holding. "I think you're trying to goad and nag today, Arthur. That isn't like you, either. The best thing for me to do will be to go out. Don't wait dinner for me. I'll be late."

He sat beside the child's crib until late that night. He sent the nurse to bed and watched the sleeping child hour after hour.

He did not think; he did not reason. Neither can it be said that he indulged in vivid emotion. He brooded over the child, over himself. He recalled his own childhood and boyhood and its difficulties and he wondered how this boy of his would adjust himself, by what inner means of adaptation or resistance he would adjust himself to a hostile and complicated world. . . . He remembered his own clinging to his father's house, later to streets and squares. John did not even have a house to cling to, only an apartment, an office, a passageway. . . . But perhaps he would not need that sense of protection and refuge; perhaps like, his mother, he would be at home in the world. . . . At home in the world . . . at home in the world. . . How did one achieve that? His father and mother had it upon some terms that Arthur could not quite make clear to himself. His generation had lost it — he and Hazel and Joe; and even Eugene and Joanna only persuaded themselves and feigned to themselves to have it by a specific kind of refuge in a small and unique society. . . . Where would be the spiritual dwelling-place of his boy? . . . He heard the latch click. Elizabeth was coming. He was glad that she had a little trouble with the key. It gave him time to slip unobserved into his own bedroom. . . .

"Nothing," Arthur said. He felt a sudden sense of liberation. "Nothing except that She's a Gentile and I am a Jew. We're fond of each other and we understand each other intellectually, but at the emotional basis of life there is—no, no opposition—there's a divergence. You've heard of the parallel lines that can never meet? It isn't very clear to me yet—the whole thing; I haven't probed it. But I feel as though I'd never been married at all. Maybe I'm wrong and it's just because Elizabeth is a very modern woman and I am, by instincts, an old-fashioned man. But I don't think that that explanation suffices. There's something deeper. Elizabeth has, in my special sense which I'm forced to believe a Jewish sense, no heart. Mind you, only in that sense. She's a splendid woman and I hope she finds her true happiness sooner or later."

BOOK EIGHT

I

The winter of 1921–22 was the quietest that Arthur and Elizabeth had spent together. Elizabeth was working on her novel. She worked in the evenings and often late into the night. Eugene Adams whose publishing-house had become one of the most notable in America, encouraged her, begged her to drop all other work, and told her jestingly to draw on him for money if Arthur was stingy. Arthur, closely examining his conscience, discovered that he would be genuinely pleased if Elizabeth were to be as successful as Eugene hoped and believed. What was it, then, that irritated and chilled him during those long evenings on which his wife was working? Had he not asked for quietude? Had he not wanted time to contemplate himself and his world? It would not be the result of Elizabeth's labor that would annoy him; no, it was the process, it was the labor itself. First his home had been a gate and a roadway. Now it was a workshop. But was it not his workshop, too? That is what Elizabeth would immediately and crushingly have replied. Very true. Had the thing anything to do with marriage or with the fact that Elizabeth was a woman and he was a man? Perhaps not. Perhaps no two people could comfortably work so closely side by side, the weather and tempo and aims of whose minds and tempers were so different. Two friends, wholly independent of each other, might leave such a situation still tolerable. But married people were not independent of each other and could not be. Even in the loosest and most modern union, if there had ever been any deep feeling, an emotional interdependence had been established. Fine psychical threads led from one to the other. Fine but firm. One or the other could tug at these threads. Arthur came to the conclusion that for his home and for his work he needed either a wife in the traditional sense

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or no one. A working colleague in the house, and a working colleague, above all, on whom his emotions and his nerves were dependent—ah, that was another matter. He sat there and the door between the rooms was open and the slight scribble of Elizabeth's pen or the rustle of her movements or her sigh constituted a continuous small rumor that brought him a sense of her absorption and detachment. Was he not, when engaged in his scientific work, equally absorbed and detached? No, not equally detached. His heart was more vigilant. It might not always be speaking; it was never asleep. He worked for the sake, first of science, secondly of his wife and child, thirdly to satisfy the pride of his parents. He never worked for the sake of what Elizabeth called ambition. Not that she was not a conscientious and deeply feeling craftswoman. But what impelled her ultimately, impelled her even to perfect herself in her craft, was neither the craft itself nor any human love or kinship, but something which it would be harsh to call mere self-assertion, but which had in it an element of mere vanity in the sense that it was utterly unaware of the vanity of things. What ailed Elizabeth, as it ailed many women of her type and precise period, was not wholly unlike the thing that ailed so many Jews. She had an inferiority complex as a woman. She needed to compensate. She must vote, write, succeed, be active—never permit herself to lapse for a moment into the immemorial moods and occupations of her sex. She was not racially or historically used to this feeling. It made her hard. Jews were so used to it that the hardness it induced was tempered. They might be ruthless to competitors; they did not forget father and mother and wife and child. Because beneath their hardness was an old, old knowledge of the ultimate vanity of all things except a few fundamental and very simple human things. No, Arthur was quite sure that he was not jealous of Elizabeth's work as work. He was simply aware of the fact that her work shut him out—him and the child—and that his work never shut her out. Thence arose an unnatural inequality, a fatal disturbance of the necessary equilibrium of life. . . He sat there with his nerves ever so slightly on edge. But when, her evening's work done, she came in to see him for a while, he gave no sign of the exact character of his thoughts and feelings, because he knew that to do so would change nothing and only irritate her and perhaps impede her work. . . . There is no use in demanding what is not given one freely. Pressure never produces a gift, only a tribute. . . .

He himself had ordered for the evenings of this winter some books on Jewish subjects. He had done so with a curious touch of inner shame. It was shame partly of his own ignorance. He had looked over book catalogues and ordered almost at random. He wanted to know, and yet felt, deeply ingrained in him by all the forces of his environment, a doubt whether there was anything profoundly worth knowing. He passed over the few books he saw that dealt with Talmudic lore. That, of course, was mere unhistorical and unscientific trash. Worse that mediaeval. It never occurred to him to reëxamine the Old Testament. It was hopelessly connected in his mind with — *kosher* cooking, not a bad thing hygienically, perhaps, but unimportant. He finally selected the English translation of Graetz's *History of the Jews*. He found the heavy red volumes—physically heavy and unmanageable—hard reading. A German professional style of the worst type, he thought, graceless and unctuous at the same time. The book also seemed to him confused in narrative structure. So little it seemed to him, was known of the earlier periods and Graetz tried to make that little big and important with mountains of words. Gleams came to him from the later volumes, gleams of a dim grandeur. But nothing took on life or meaning. Old, unhappy, far-off things. . . . He hadn't even read Zangwill hitherto. He now read the amusing Ghetto stories, but he was afraid that his amusement had in it an element of condescension. Then he read the same writer's book *Dreamers of the Ghetto* and, though he perceived that it was romantic and had touches of both rhetoric and pretentiousness, yet he got at last the sense of something greatly and richly alive. So there had been Jewish heroes and philosophers and saints in the more recent centuries? So that was the countenance of Uriel Acosta and such the legend of the founder of the despised *Chassidim*! . . He remembered how once, many years ago, his father had told a story of his early days and had said contemptuously: "Dere vas a little town dere, full of *Chassidim* . . . " Arthur, who was then a child had taken it for granted that these were poor and degraded people of some outlandish locality. . . . He now saw that, faintly enough, his father was the bearer of a great tradition, the tradition of a long and profound battle over what did in truth constitute the spiritual life of mankind—a battle with its martyrs and saints and legends and gospels. And all that had happened no longer ago than the middle of the eighteenth century. . . . And Arthur wondered whether any of his own ancestors had met the Master of the Name. . . . An ancestor of Elizabeth's father had fled and preached and been wounded by the stones of villagers in the early days of John and Charles Wesley. . . . Was it sentimental to feel, as he had felt more and more, the ache of kinlessness and kindlessness? But he had seen the security and, yes, the human dignity, that a tradition lent to the freest minds. There had been Dawson with his Scotch tradition; there was Elisabeth with hers. She wasn't a Methodist, of course. Her immediate ancestors had even left that particular communion. But she was rooted; she continued something alive; she had something to rebel against. To rebel with pain. The rebellion still cost her something; it still had a touch of the heroic, for what she rebelled against was her father's faith and the tradition in her blood. . . Jews of his generation had nothing even left to rebel against. Oh, it was easy enough for them to join the Christian rebels. And no doubt they thus fulfilled a very useful function. But what they rebelled against was not their own and hence there was no true virtue in their acts. . . . They were terribly poverty-stricken, the Jewish men and women of thirty. . . . Unconsciously they clung and allied themselves to anything Jewish in the world or anything that seemed of Jewish origin: the new psychotherapeutics, like himself, the doctrine of salvation through economic reorganization like Joe Goldmann. . . . Neither he nor Joe had been conscious of the fact that his choice of a profession and a philosophy had been a Jewish choice or, rather, a profoundly human choice in that it is human to share the vision and the appetences of one's own kind. . . . Of course. And the mentalities of Marx and Freud were, after all, Jewish mentalities. . . . Following this strain of thought one got into deep waters. . . . The ultimate conclusion was that Jews like himself who denied any tradition or character of their own were really trying to do a thing that was unhuman, that no one else was trying to do. . . . No one. . . . Not the freest minds. Not the most exalted. . . . Men like Bertrand Russell and Henri Barbusse were pacifists and internationalists and revolutionaries, political and moral, and on a merely conceptual basis one might express their fundamental thoughts in the same formulae. But those formulae would be mathematical, unpersuasive, stripped and dead. What made these men splendid and prophetic was the flesh, blood, substance of their work and vision and these were everlastingly English in the one case, indescribably French in the other. And just as the artist must express himself through some medium —words, sounds, paint, marble—even so in the larger sense human expression is effected through the medium of some national culture. . . . There is no expression in a void. . . . But was not the assumption of his friends, Arthur reflected, that they were Americans? . . . . Elizabeth came in, as usual, after her work, as he had been passionately struggling with these thoughts. He took her unawares:

"Elizabeth, am I an American?"

She was still warm and preoccupied with her work. She wiped an inky finger on her hair. "What did you say? Are you an American? No, of course not." She wandered about the room. Suddenly she stopped. "What were we talking about, Arthur? I really was not thinking I was full of my story. It's going fine. Did you ask me whether you were an American?"

"Yes."

"What a quaint question! And did I say you weren't?"

"You did."

"Oh well, I wasn't thinking. Certainly you are. Oh, but I'm tired. I'll drop right to sleep. Good night."

II

Immediately he had no more time either to read or to reflect. New patients announced themselves daily. They were all Jews and Jewesses of the younger generation. A young woman who loved her husband passionately but was utterly unable to respond to him. . . . A young man who had started out to be a not unpromising writer and had suddenly been no longer able to compose an intelligible sentence. . . . A somewhat older man very near despair and suicide through the dry-rot of a hopeless marriage and so inhibited by the conventional American notions of marriage (which no longer had any force among liberal Americans) that he hoped for a word of liberation and release from a psychiatrist of his own race. . . . A girl who hated her mother and yet, being an only child, was riveted to that mother by a chain of compassion. . . . In each of these cases Arthur saw or thought he saw at once the specifically Jewish element: a Gentile fixation, the breakdown of a compensatory mechanism that corresponded to no native gift, the terror of an alien law and morality, the problem of the social isolation of Jews who didn't want to be Jews. . . . He worked with his patients nearly all day. He spent many evenings at the houses of his parents, whither he had been summoned to help in a painful and disastrous complication.

Suddenly, on a dark day in the middle of winter, Hazel and her little daughter had arrived unannounced at her parent's house. She had asked in a choked voice whether her father and mother would take her in—her and her poor child. She was never going back to Boston. She had left her bags and her small daughter downstairs and had rushed up to her old room and gone to bed and drawn the coverlet over her face. Mrs. Levy had carefully not tried to get information out of his little granddaughter, whose dark, sad prematurely wise glances followed her movements. She had waited and had then gone up to Hazel and sat down beside her on the bed. Hazel had held herself rigid and compressed her lips till nothing but a thin white line showed her mouth. Thus she had lain for hours, and Mrs. Levy, helpless and at last frightened, had telephoned for Arthur. He had at once recognized the fact that his sister was deliberately and volitionally heightening half-hysterical symptoms in order to

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be protected against the necessity for explanation, against the responsibility involved in the step which she had taken and concerning which doubts were already gnawing at her mind. He quietly told her that he saw through her manoeuvre without in the least blaming her for it, that it was a frequent and natural refuge for sensitive and impulsive women; he begged her to try to relax and talk and be sensible since whatever the state of affairs, she had nothing to fear from anyone. He would personally promise her that no one would blame her. She sat up suddenly. Her eyes were wild, her hair dishevelled. She clenched her hands. A torrent of words came from her. Blamed? Oh, she didn't think she would or could be blamed. And she would rather beg in the streets than be sent back home. Home? It was no home of hers. That horrible house in which she had sat alone evening after evening utterly alone after she had put the child to bed. Eli had had business engagements downtown. He had taken the car—she couldn't even have that—and had gone off. As if the day weren't long enough for business. But at first she had believed him that he had to meet buyers at dinner and give dinners to buyers and show them the city. Suddenly, however, she had felt a knife entering her very heart. She didn't know why. On an impulse she had called up the Copley Plaza hotel where Eli had said that he was dining with some men. He had been there, too, oh yes, but his voice had been tipsy and she could not help hearing faintly but distinctly the ribald laughter of women. . . . He had come home and had explained. Two buyers from the Middle West had had women with them. Their wives? No. That's why he hadn't asked her to come. These men had a habit of picking up fancy ladies and registering with them as their wives. Well, she had wanted to know whether he was so poor as to have to associate with such people on such terms. He had said that business was not so good as last year and that these men bought merchandise to the extent of many thousands of dollars for big department stores. Anyhow, he had asserted that all the manufacturers and big jobbers did the same thing. His father couldn't do it and he was the only other member of the firm. Now Hazel wept. She had believed him, for that she had been, she had believed him. But last Saturday night he had again come home late. Late? Oh, at three o'clock in the morning. Naturally he had been snoring Sunday until noon. And she had gone around to the garage for the car to have a little spin with Lenore. And in the car, right on the seat, there had been a woman's vanity bag—an enormous, evil smelling vanity bag, soaked with patchouli, containing a huge lip-stick and a powder-puff, and a—a—no, she couldn't bring herself to name the name of such an object. She had rushed home and shaken Eli and held up the evidence of her betrayal and his shame. He had said, "Oh, go to the devil!" She had packed her bags quietly and taken her child and caught the first train to New York. Here she was. If they didn't want her, she would go into the streets with her child. That was a better place than the house in Brookline. She fell back among her pillows and hid her face and sobbed.

Arthur and his mother exchanged glances and left the room together. They went downstairs.

"What do you think, sonny?"

"It's not so simple as Hazel tries to make out."

"Do you think that Eli was unfaithful to her?"

"It's possible." He saw his mother's face grow tense and pale. "Don't take it so hard." He put his arm about her shoulders. "The important thing is not whether he was unfaithful to her, but why."

Mrs. Levy smiled wanly. "You with your modern scientific notions! Did you notice anything wrong when you were in Boston last summer?"

Arthur nodded. "Not this kind of thing. But I think we should hear Eli's side. I'm pretty sure he'll be heard from. In the meantime tell Papa I advise him not to be indignant. Just let the whole thing slide for a day or two and treat her simply and naturally. She's hysterical, of course."

He was summoned again that night. His father had evidently not heeded the warning and Hazel was violently hysterical. He gave her a strong sedative. He warned his father to treat the girl gently.

"Vy dese shameful doings? In de first place I don't believe it ent in de secont place vy not vait ent talk ent see. It isn't de first time in de history of de vold, you know. I don't vant a divorce in my femily. A Chewish divorce, like in de old times—all right. But a scandal in dese *Goyish* courts ent papers. No." Arthur asked him to have patience. Things would probably reach no such extreme. Eli would be heard from.

Sinzheimer was, in fact, heard from two days later. He telephoned from the Grand Central Station, saying that he would be at the house that evening and specifically asking that Arthur be present. Arthur's mother immediately informed him and added that Hazel declared she would meet her husband under no circumstances. He dismissed his last patient early and told Elizabeth the character of his errand. She said: "Poor girl. But why carry on so? She can divorce him and you people all have lots of money."

It took Arthur nearly an hour to persuade Hazel that as a matter both of duty and of justice she must see her husband. He had finally to be curt.

"If you don't I shall be more convinced than ever that in the last analysis it's your fault."

She sneered: "Your lovely old habit of siding with everybody against me."

They waited for Eli in the dining-room. No one had really eaten. The bell rang and in a moment Sinzheimer appeared. He looked crestfallen and determined at the same time. He tried to kiss Hazel. Indignantly she turned from him. He shook hands with his mother-in-law and Arthur. Mr. Levy's face was gray and forbidding. Eli sat down and sighed and muttered irritatedly to himself. Arthur gave him a cigar and lit one himself.

"Let's not be too terribly solemn. Tell us, if you want to, what's on your mind, Eli."

Sinzheimer struggled for words. The expression of subtleties was not, as he would have said, in his line. He burst out: "I don't think that Hazel was properly brought up."

Mr. Levy's face grew a little red. Arthur saved the moment.

"None of us were," he said with finality.

Sinzheimer looked at him gratefully. "Anyhow," he went on, "I've made up my mind not to say whether what Hazel thinks is true or not. I don't even think it's anybody's business whether I always went to dine at the Copley Plaza on business or not. You see? But I will say this: I've been lonely and miserable and driven to things I don't like and don't approve of. And I don't think Hazel has had any too good a time, herself. Well, she can divorce me if she likes. I love her just the same. But there's no use our trying to live together unless Hazel agrees to sell the house in Brookline and move to a Jewish neighborhood and associate with my friends and—and—have some more children—I'd like a son—and—and oh well, be a Jewish wife same as her mother or mine. That's all. If she'll do that, I'll promise that she'll never have anything to complain of again. Never. I love her."

His voice broke a little. He sucked manfully at his cigar. They all turned to Hazel. She looked small and girlish. Eli walked over to her and put his arm around her and she rubbed her cheek against his coat.

"And I want my children to be brought up as observant Jews, same as I was, no matter what they believe, I don't believe much myself." Suddenly they all melted toward one another and drew together around the table, and Mr. Levy went downstairs into the basement for one of his last bottles of pre-war Rhine wine. Hazel snuggled against her husband. When the glasses were filled she stopped a moment before clinking her own to Eli's. "But we'll join a nice congregation, won't we? I don't like these Russians and Poles." . . . .

III

A faint fear stole into Arthur's heart. He found himself surreptitiously touching objects on his desk with the half-conscious intention of warding off ill-luck. It was amusing that he, of all people, should nurse a compulsion neurosis. He must break himself of it promptly. The cause sof his difficultiy were not far to seek. He and Elizabeth had become friends. Since he no longer even by a gesture, even by a waiting attitude, asked her to be his wife, their relations had become less strained and more natural. Another man might have sought that specific consolation elsewhere. It didn't seem to Arthur that he wanted to do that. Society was so constituted that if you lived with one woman and had relations with another, that second relationship was certain to be tinged with vulgarity, with something hard and ugly and surreptitious both from within and from without. The thing had nothing to do with legality, but with the subtler, including the interior sources of social control. Legality didn't matter and divorce ddin't matter. Fidelity, as a free act, did matter. One man living with one woman, the right man with the right woman—that was the only thing. At least for him. He knew too much about the inconceivable complications in contemporary life to judge anyone. But he knew, too, from the miseries of his patients, that a good deal of suffering and disease could be avoided if people would respect legal marriage less and harmonious mating more. Especially Jews. For Jews had nothing in their blood and tradition with which inwardly to consent to the Christian notion of marriage as a sacrament; hence they were never resigned. They pretended to be Americans, but they could never, just the same, bring themselves to see why they couldn't get divorces quietly and for the asking. . . . Always the same thing. . . . Always the same discoveries in whatever direction. . . . It was the same thing with Prohibition. Oh, Gentiles didn't like it, either, and many thousands broke the law and many of the more enlightened resisted it, whether they broke it or not. But even in this breaking and resistance there was understanding. Jews, whatever they might pretend, were quite blank in the face of the whole thing. They had to say to themselves deliberately: Alcohol *has* been a danger . . . the barroom *was* an evil thing for the American people. It is necessary to realize that to understand. . . . But it was an external and alien matter. Neither alcohol nor the barroom had ever been a danger to them. There were no memories of drunkenness in their families, no tradition of So-and-so having been ruined by drink. . . . Arthur would violently have repudiated the notion that Jews were better than other people. . . . Of course they weren't But they were different and a thousand ills arose for them from not living clear-eyed within that immemorial differentness of theirs. . . . He couldn't at all events, see himself being untrue to Elizabeth so long as socially and morally they were man and wife. Elizabeth, he knew, took a quite different view of the matter. Things being as they were, she wouldn't have blamed him at all for having an affair of some kind. She hated the thought of divorce. . . . She rather resented Arthur's faithfulness. . . .

He was pulled out of these preoccupations by an occurrence of an obscure and tragic sort. A rather restrained paragraph in the *World* stabbed him one morning at breakfast with the information that the brilliant young architect, Victor Goldmann, had committed suicide the night before. He had left his studio on Fifty-ninth Street at nine o'clock in the evening. The colored elevator boy had seen him and remarked nothing unusual in his demeanor. At nine-forty he had appeared at the house of his father, Mr. Nathan Goldmann. He had seemed rather absent-minded then and had a little surprised the family by saying that his studio was noisy. He could get no sleep. He had been urged to go upstairs to one of the bedrooms in the house and rest. He had gone to his old room and at eleven the report of a revolver had been heard. The family found him dead. The bullet had gone through both temples. He had left no explanation and had been—so far as anyone knew—in no difficulties. His father and mother were prostrated with grief. . . .

Arthur flung down the paper, caught a cab in front of his house, and drove to the Goldmanns. He was in a state more of excitement than of grief. He was terribly sorry for Victor's parents. Victor himself had always been indifferent to him. But he felt as though he must come upon Victor's secret, as though that secret held some profound and personal meaning for him. A silence seemed to wrap the house and the very block. The maid who had been with the Goldmanns many years recognized and admitted him. In the drawing-room he found Joe all by himself, sitting at a table, hunched up, brooding. He didn't look up.

"Hallo, Arthur." His voice was perfectly expressionless. "The folks are upstairs; mother's in bed with a nurse. Your father's walking up and down with mine."

"And Victor?"

"He's lying in his old room. Nothing to see except the wound. You can go up if you like."

Arthur sat down. "What was it, Joe? What was it?

At last Joe looked up. Both the irony and the fear had gone out of his golden-brown eyes. "I've been trying to figure it out. He had plenty of money. There was no woman, either. Victor was always so scared of women that he managed to get along with burlesque girls and that sort. I think it was self-disgust."

Arthur was tense. "What makes you think that?"

"Well, do you suppose that Victor didn't know that everybody disliked him and that people almost fled from him? And yet he couldn't help shouting them down and antagonizing them. He quarreled with the people who gave him commissions; he quarreled with his colleagues; he had a feud with the very janitor and the attendants in his house. There was something in him that he wanted to shout down, that he had to shout down. What was it?"

Arthur put his hand on Joe's arm. "What do you think it was?"

Joe shrugged his shoulders. "He came to my apartment about ten days ago and said he thought he'd go to Europe for the spring and summer. 'All right,' I said 'Why don't you?' He sort of snarled: 'I don't know that it's worth while. You meet the same damned Jews there that you leave here.'" Joe was silent for a moment. Then he asked: "Well?"

"He was trying to shout down his Jewish soul," Arthur said.

(Continued on page 11)

YOUR INVESTMENTS

Corporation News

"I am very confident of the future in a new country like Brazil", which statement, coming, as it does, from A.W.K. Billings, vice-president of Brazilian Traction, resident in Brazil, would serve only to increase the lately growing confidence apparent on that part of the Canadian investing and trading public.

The annual report of McColl-Frontenac Oil Company is expected to make its appearance within the next ten days. The fiscal period, which ended January 31, 1930, and it is forecasted that profits will be shown of approximately $3. per share on the stock.

One of the leading Canadian industries, whose stock has not received any special attention in the more active markets of the past week or two, is Dominion Glass Company. This is possibly due in part to the fact that the amount of stock available for trading purposes is rather limited. For this reason rapid bidding up of price usually results when any speculative demand does develop. Instances of this were furnished on different occasions last year, when persistent reports were heard of negotiations by American interests to secure control of the company. The lack of any such influence has also been a factor in the stock being more or less neglected, while other issues were being taken in hands and moved upward.

Sales of Dominion Stores, Ltd., for the four weeks ended March 22nd totalled $1,907,636, as compared with $1,847,593 during the corresponding period a year ago, representing an increase of $60,043.

For the 12 weeks period ended March 22nd, sales aggregated $5,580,170, as against $5,383,633 in the corresponding period of 1929, the increase being $205,536.

An interlisted stock that is likely to attract increasing attention on the Montreal Stock Exchange is the Class "A" stock of International Hydro-Electric System. The company is of very direct interest to Canadian investors as it owns all the common and second preferred stocks of Canadian Hydro-Electric Corporation, Limited, which controls 20 hydro-electric plants in Quebec and New Brunswick, including the plants of Gatineau Power Company and the St. John River Power Company.

The firmer tone shown by Canada Cement in recent weeks has been looked upon as a seasonal movement, rather than a reflection of any special development affecting the company's business. Canada Cement, like other companies whose largest business is done in the summer months, is just emerging from the quiet period of its business year. Officials are chary about making any forecasts as to how the current year will compare with preceding periods, but are not looking forward to any marked change in the volume of business that will be handled in the forthcoming months.

Further expansion in profits and total assets and a small drop in working capital position are shown in the annual statement of National Breweries, Limited, for the year ended December 31, 1929. Earnings were equivalent to $9.32 a share on the common stock outstanding at the close of the fiscal period as against earnings of $8.65 in 1928. The 1929 earnings are thus equivalent to $2.33 on the new stock against an annual dividend rate of $1.60.

BENEVOLENCE

He entered a German cafe and took a seat at a table at which two Germans were seated. The Germans exchanged glances with each other, and then one of them turned to the visitor and said:

"Mister, I want you to know that you are among anti-Semites."

"That's all right," answered the Jew magnanimously, "so long as you are behaving yourselves you are perfectly safe."

Another Year of Progress in Steel Co. of Canada

A NOTABLE increase in profits and a powerful balance sheet well maintained is revealed in the financial statement of the Steel Company of Canada for the year ended December 31 ,1929. Earnings for the year after all charges, but before dividends on either the preferred or common shares, amounted to $3,538,267, which is equal to $4.91 per share on the combined issue of preference and ordinary stock, namely 719-852 shares, being 259,852 preferred and 460,000 common. This contrasts with $3.58 per share on the combined issues in 1928, and net profits of $2,783,397.

Manufacturing profits for the year amounted to $4,936,067 as compared with $4,051,705 in 1928 and $3,166,280 in 1927. To this was added investment income of $399,189 making total income of $5,335,-256. After deduction of sinking fund at $325,828; depreciation at $1,-158,897; bond interest at, $312,264; preferred dividends at $454,741; common dividends at $805,000 and pension reserve for employees at $300,000, there remained a surplus for the year of $1,978,526.

Total assets are shown at $59,480,580 as contrasted with $55,879,-837 at the end of the preceding year.

Working capital is shown in the current report at 13¾ millions as compared with 14¼ millions at the end of the preceding year.

Mining & Oil

It is reported that during February the Noranda smelter averaged 2,200 tons daily. This is in keeping with President Murdoch's remarks at the annual meeting to the effect that while the price of copper was up, they were pushing production. He expected that the average tonnage for the year would work out at about 2000 tons. No smelter additions are contemplated for 1930, although the concentrator is now being increased to 1000 tons per day.

Sherritt Gordon is only waiting for the completion of the Hudson Bay smelter before commencing to ship concentrates. Blister copper from the smelter will be sent to two different refineries. Blister from Sherritt's concentrates will go to the Ontario Refining Company's plant at Copper Cliff.

It is reported that the ore shoot on the 3875 foot level of the McIntyre has now been opened up for a length of 450 feet between the Nos. 6 and 11 shafts, with both faces still in order. New ore is said to have been picked up on the 3625 foot level, about 500 feet west of the Coniaurum boundary. About 600 feet of ore with widths running up to 30 feet has been developed on the 2625 foot horizon.

Some sections of the Street are complaining of the delay in starting the Howey mill. It was announced earlier in the week that the new mill had already started and officials expect they can obtain an idea of possible recovery before the end of the month. The mill is treating ore direct from the mine. Stoping has been carried out on all levels between 500 and 1000 feet, where the grade of ore is somewhat higher than above 500.

Results of the first complete month's operation of the Falconbridge Nickel Smelter have been highly satisfactory, it is learned. During March the capacity of the plant rated at 250 tons a day, was actually exceeded, and at the present time about 275 tons of ore per day are being treated. Matte produced has been of excellent quality, averaging around 78% in its nickel copper content.

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Mining & Oil

(Continued from page 14)

Mines to install two new units of 300 tons each to the mill.

Such installation cannot be undertaken, however, until the new shaft is completed because present hoisting facilities are being taxed to the limit. Presumably the installing of the necessary machinery and equipment for the 600 ton mill addition will go forward to be completed by the time the new hoist is operating. This will be a year to 19 months from now.

With a grand total of 105,835 barrels of Peladitha and crude oil delivered to the Imperial and Regal refineries in March, the Turner Valley Oil wells established a new production record, exceeding last October's output which was previously the greatest. The Home wells produced practically 40,000 barrels during the month. Lowery Petroleum delivered nearly 8,500 barrels in the short time it was producing and Associated made 7,096 naphtha and 118 barrels crude. The output of the Home wells was divided as follows:

No. 1, 10,871; No. 2, 6,024 and No. 4, 7,948, also some crude.

Ajax Oil and Gas shares have been about the only feature on the Standard Stock Exchange. There is nothing particularly new regarding the company's operations. Some time ago it was rumored that Ajax in conjunction with British American Oil, was interested in oil lands in Oklahoma. President Frank Culver denied this story when approached recently. B. A. has some promising holdings in the American field, but Ajax is not operating with them.

Declaration of a dividend of 25% and election of officers featured a meeting of Home Oil Company directors here this week.

A dividend of 25% equal to 25 cents a share will be paid May 5th to shareholders of record April 12. The dividend covers operations of the company for the first three months of 1930.

Sherbrooke, Que.

The Ladies' Aid Society was hostess at a bridge and tea held at the Community Center Sunday evening last. Prize-winners were Mesdames Joseph Rosenbloom, Louis Edgar, Saul Niloff, and J. Rosenbloom. The raffle was won by Joe Segal.

Abraham D. Smith and Manasseh Smith spent the week-end in Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis H. Bernstein, Bowen Ave., have returned home after spending the week-end in Montreal.

Leon Schechter, Victoria Ave., spent a few days in Montreal.

Miss Helene Cohen, of McGill University, is spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. Cohen, Gillispie St.

Samuel Schaffer, of Drummondville, spent a few days here.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Pollock, High Sreet, spent the week-end in Montreal

Samuel Shmokler, of Thetford Mines, spent a few days here, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel P. Smith.

Samuel W. Smith was in Montreal, the guest of Mrs. A. I. Rubinovich, Clarke Ave., Westmount.

Health Service

DRINKING FOR HEALTH

The body of the average person contains about seventy per cent of water. It is important, therefore, that the individual see to it that a sufficient amount of water is supplied to his body.

It is not possible to say just how much water a person should use, because the amount varies, depending upon his occupation and the heat and moisture of the atmosphere in which he lives and works. Working out of doors on a hot day, a man gets rid of a considerable quantity of water by the evaporation of water from the skin.

Generally speaking, most people do not secure a sufficient amount of water; either they do not drink enough water or other fluids, or they do not eat sufficiently of foods containing a high percentage of water.

Water is usually so easily and readily obtained that it is not generally appreciated. We are apt to think of it only at those times when we are thirsty and there is none available. It is likely that many persons who now enjoy health would feel even better if they were to increase their fluid intake by developing the habit of drinking a glass or two of water before breakfast and between meals.

There is no objection to a moderate use of water with meals, but it is distinctly harmful to use water on any other beverage to wash down food. Drink should not be taken while food is in the mouth. Before drinking, any food that is in the mouth should be thoroughly masticated and swallowed.

Water acts as a food solvent. It is a most valuable aid in securing regular and complete elimination of body wastes. Water is also necessary for the regulation of body heat.

It is not sufficient to rely upon a sense of thirst as a guide. When thirst occurs, it should be quenched, but it often happens that many persons are only occasionally thirsty. For years they have not attended to the natural demand for water unless it were pressing, and so their sense of thirst is blunted. A daily water-drinking routine should be adopted, regardless of the absence of thirst.

Like all good things, abuse may do harm. If six glasses of water a day are good, it does not follow that eighteen are three times better. Excess is never desirable, and in those who suffer from a heart or kidney condition, excessive drinking of water may be definitely harmful.

No rule of hygiene is easier to obey than that of drinking sufficient water. There is no reason to overlook its regular practice.

Suggestions *for* Investors

TWICE a month we issue a comprehensive list of investment suggestions, embodying government, public utility and corporation securities.

Our list is designed to meet the widely-varying requirements of the investing public. It will be sent on request.

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"Sometimes when people censure me,
I tell them without rancor,
That for what it cost me to be free,
I might have had an anchor."

A recent editorial in the *Jewish Chronicle*, of London, England, says in part: "The Executive Council of the World Zionist Organization has, during the last few days, been holding a series of what should have been important gatherings. But it met with closed doors and the press was excluded so that the public must remain in ignorance of the proceedings. The Organization issued a bulletin each day, ostensibly giving a report of what occurred, and these statements were issued for publication to the press. But it is obvious that they were tendentious records closely censored by a committee, specially appointed for the purpose, and, if they were not designed to deceive those who read them, that must clearly have been their effect. It is palpable that with very little trouble we could, by more or less surreptitious means, have gathered fairly accurate reports but we prefer to invite all those interested to determine whether this method of carrying on public work, reminiscent of nothing so much as that of some Russian secret societies, is congenial in this country, or is likely to be in the interests of the Zionist Movement. We are constantly being told by Zionist orators of the call of the Movement to Jewry at large and we fully agree with that estimate of Zionist effort. But how is that consistent with meeting with closed doors and refusing to Jewry at large the opportunity of sharing in the work? It is ridiculous for Zionists to take care and show the anxiety they do to obtain for every little function in connection with the Movement the publicity of the press and then when important gatherings are held, to inform the press that all it will be permitted to convey to readers are statements which on the face of them are in many ways grossly untrue. The matter, of course, is one in the ultimate for the Zionist and file . . . for those who support the Movement . . . and we can do no more than protest, not by any means for the first time, against the hole and corner system adopted by the Organization."

When the strongest English-Jewish publication in the world and a Zionist paper thus takes to task the Executive Council of the World Zionist Organization it reprimands automatically the many smaller links of that organization on this side of the water, too, and brings together at once London, England, and, say, London, Ontario, as it were. The World Zionist Organization is not the only Zionist Organization and not the only organization of any other kind wherein the leadership believes that what the rank and file does not learn won't hurt it. When leaders find despotism a pleasure and a stimulant to the flagging ego they convince themselves quickly that some are the elect and born to know everything and others are not the elect and are born to do the supporting and mind their own business. The mark of leaders suffering from this unnamed insanity is that they believe it is their duty to spare their followers the strain of important thinking and of entering into the rarified atmosphere that only natural leaders can inhale with safety.

The *London Jewish Chronicle* puts up to its many readers the question of whether the method of refusing to Jewry at large the opportunity of really sharing in the work of Zionism is congenial in England or likely to be in the best interests of the Zionist Movement. The editorial says that the question must finally be answered by the rank and file. This is too naïve. The rank and file is expected to pay and to spend the rest of the time in vapid admiration while managers with single track minds manage. A good, dependable rank and file will step forward when called on and suffer the ring to be slipped in its nose. After that its decisions concern nothing of any importance. So the leaders themselves, some of them fanatical, are left to be the judges of their own policy. Is this policy in the best interests of their cause or movement? How can most of them answer that with any degree of detachment of impartiality? It would be super-human. So, swept away by their emotions, willful leaders have been known to bend and break the interests of a cause to conform to their own personal whims and ideas. If they get a kick out of czarism and exploitation and there are ways of silencing any objection why shouldn't they indulge themselves forever? f.f.e.

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Rabbi Eisendrath's Editorial

(Continued from page 1)

of tyranny, the toiler in the despot's power, or the negro in the southern gentry's bonds—bringing to all who were oppressed, the hope of ultimate deliverance.

This ever recurring message of Passover is sorely needed today. Under the inspiration of this Feast of Freedom, we must revolt against all those insidious forces in our modern civilization which conspire to establish everywhere the comfortable standards of conformity and to reduce the varied thoughts, the unique emotions, and the peculiar will in everyone to the perfect smoothness and monotony of the sands upon the ocean's shore. Without fear of Pharoah's cruelty, of the hardships of the wilderness, without dread of the savage loneliness which Moses was made to endure or of the obloquy which comes to every freeman amid the masses that prefer to be free, we must march heroically on to the promised land of Freedom, for without such courage, such initiative, such stubborn resistance of the toils of tyranny, without such a spirit of revolt alive in this soul crushing and individual annihilating age, we will be doomed to eternal thraldom, doomed ever to remain

. . . . . base slaves indeed—
Slaves, unworthy to be freed.

OUR CHILDREN

Subscribers of THE CANADIAN JEWISH REVIEW are invited to send in pictures of their lovely children. Give the full name, age, address and names of his parents. There is no age limit for children. Pictures will be returned in good condition. They will appear in THE REVIEW in the order in which they are received in this office.

THE DEBT

(Continued from page 5)

pect you to do the same for me, if I were not well?" She snatched up the wet parcel of fish, hugged it to her bosom defiantly, and sailed out of the room.

Left alone Chayer began to weep feebly the child in sympathy yelling at the top of her voice. Only yesterday Chayer feeling unusually well had rejoiced in the thought that soon her Isaac would be confirmed and then a year later please God he would be working and earning money. There would be a man in the house again. Then while rejoicing she glanced up and a face on the torn lace curtains had grinned at her malignantly. That had been the devil. What if she did not live to see her Isaac confirmed? She rocked herself in her misery. Backwards and forwards she rocked herself. Backwards and forwards.

Next door, Rebecca, in the midst of frying fish, was wondering how she was going to help Chayer. She would have to speak to her Jacob about it—he often had all sorts of good ideas. But yet not practical ideas, no materially good ones, she reflected sadly. They would never be rich. What strange thoughts he did get into that head of his sometimes. She remembered suddenly how, about six months ago, when the tailoring trade had been very slack and they had not had a full week's work for nearly two months, Jacob had returned home after being absent all day. 'Any luck, Jacob?" Rebecca had asked anxiously. Jacob had regarded her absently for a few seconds, then shook his head. "No—no luck yet," he said calmly. "But I'll tell you what I did discover suddenly to-day. The root of the world's unhappiness. It is the relationships which men and women have built up between them." Rebecca had turned from him impatiently. "Oh, Jacob, turn your own head with your nonsense—mine is in a whirl already. May the *Meshumadim* have such a-year."

"Yes, but listen," Jacob had persisted. "The Torah commands every man to honour her husband. Now listen." Earnestly, almost solemnly, he continued: "Leaning against a wall to-day I watched a fly, a big fly it was, or maybe a wasp, crawling about on a window. All sorts of strange antics it was performing—and all the time making such peculiar sounds, as though these movements caused even the fly itself to wonder. I watched and watched, mystified, thrilled. But suddenly, without any warning, for no reason at all, I had seen enough. I didn't want to watch it any more—I wanted it to go. You understand, I wanted that *it* should go. But not that it should drive *me* away. And as it wouldn't read my thoughts and move away, I *chased* it away. And then I learned suddenly what was wrong with mankind. We form relationships, we are thrilled, excited, we watch one another, mystified. Then, suddenly, we have enough. But nobody moves. You have to stay and watch till what has thrilled and excited you now sickens you till you want to scream."

Rebecca, woman-like, had immediately taken this personally, as an affront, an insult. "So—you've had enough of me. I make you sick, eh? I've given birth to your children, slaved for them and for you, and now you've had enough. You may bury me already, now, do you hear? I'm no longer any good." And hiding her face in her hands she had wept.

Jacob had been horrified, alarmed. "God in heaven, Rebecca," he had shouted. "Have you taken leave of your senses? How do you think *you* come into this—are you my *relation*? You are part of me—without you life is nothing." Afraid, astonished, he had seemed ready to mingle his tears with hers.

Rebecca remembered and wondered. Would he perhaps come forth with any practical suggestion? She did not approach him about it until they were in bed and Jacob nearly asleep. Somehow, in the light, faced by their own indisputable squalor and poverty, she did not have the courage to speak about it. To think about helping anybody else seemed laughable. She knew that. But in the dark, conscious only of the knowledge of her beautiful children, and their own healthy bodies, it was easier.

Jacob did not speak while she was telling him about Chayer's illness—her desperate poverty. Even when she had ceased to speak, he lay there quietly, uttering no sound, until Rebecca thought indignantly that he had fallen asleep.

"Nu, Jacob," she said impatiently. "Do you hear?" He was still silent. Then: "What can we do? Give her from our riches? Now it is *Shabbos*—have you any money? Do you ever have a penny to spare at the end of the week? When was the last time you bought yourself a blouse? Tell me if you can remember."

"*Meshugas!*" Rebecca was angry. Did she not herself know all these things? "How clever you have become all of a sudden! I know myself that we are not Rothschild's grand-children. For all that we can't let a daughter of Israel starve."

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Jacob sat up in bed. In the thick darkness he waved his arms dramatically. "All over the world, even from the time of Sarah, Abraham's wife, Jewish women have suffered. Who are we to set out to help? And if we do help Chayer—what about the other thousands who are suffering? At a *Simcha* you would rejoice and not remember all the others—but here, you cannot eat your own homemade cake if Chayer has not any. If we are to be deliverers, it must be of all, not one."

He lay back on his pillow. Rebecca was indignant. "Ach! Are we *Meshiach*? When He comes, then shall we all, all Israel, be happy. Meanwhile, Chayer is here—next door. We have grown up together, she wept at my wedding, I at hers. We must do something, Jacob."

"What about the Board of Guardians?"

"Chayer would die sooner than go there. They are even worse than the *Meshumadim*. Don't you know? To lend you thirty shillings for a new suit, they must know exactly when and why your father's father died. You go in there a poor man, and come out a *shmutter*—with all the strength torn from you. No, Jacob, the Board of Guardians is not for Chayer. All my enemies, dear God, should have to taste from its bounty. Nu, Jacob?"

Jacob said nothing. He agreed, fervently, about the Jewish Board of Guardians. They humiliated and insulted men and women with their narrow, absurd questionings. To go there was as good as doing penance for a year of sinfulness. "What

(Continued on page 23)

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TENDERS WANTED

Board of Education

Sealed tenders, addressed to the Business Administrator and Secretary Treasurer, Board of Education, Administration Building, 155 College Street, endorsed with the word "Tender" and also with the name of the school building and trade or article to which it relates, will be received until THURSDAY, APRIL 24th, 1934 for Wrecking Houses Nos. 153, 155 and 157 Morse St. — MORSE ST. SCHOOL SITE.

Wrecking — Caretaker's house — WILLIAMSON RD. SCHOOL SITE.

Flag Pole Repairs—VARIOUS SCHOOLS.

Specifications and conditions for tendering may be seen and all information obtained at the office of the Architect of the Board, 155 College Street. Telephone Trinity 8200.

Tenders must be in the office of the Secretarial Department *not later than Four o'clock p.m. on the day named*, at which time they will be opened and after which no tender will be received. The lowest or any tender will not necessarily be accepted.

D. O. RANKIN, B.A., *Chairman, Property Committee.*

W. W. PEARSE, *Business Administrator and Secretary-Treasurer.*

Holy Blossom Hebrew Congregation. Rabbi M. N. Eisendrath, Bond Street.

Concluding Passover Services: Friday at 5.30 p.m.—a half hour of prayer and meditation. Saturday at 10.30 a.m., sermon on "Prisoners of Self;" At this Saturday morning service, names of those who have departed during the past year will be read, provided such names are given to the rabbi or the secretary prior to the service. Sunday at 11 a.m., sermon on "If A Man Die"—A Modern View of Resurrection.

The pulpit flowers last week were placed in memory of Mrs. Jacob Lyons by her children.

Since Saturday is the concluding day of Passover there will be no sessions of the Religious School. Regular sessions Sunday.

Each year at Passover time, the Central Conference of American Rabbas makes its appeal for the Fallashas, the Jews of Abyssinia. Your contribution will be received by the rabbi.

NINTH ANNUAL TEA

Mrs. J. Houzer, 127 Spadina Road, is holding her ninth annual tea in aid of the Hebrew Weston Sanitorium Club, Sunday, April 27th, from 3 p.m. to 10 p.m. All welcome.

TROTSKY, ILL, EAGER FOR CURE IN EUROPE

Where is Leon Trotsky going to find another refuge, if he leaves Turkey in accordance with his most recently expressed desire?

M. Trotsky wishes to take the cure at a mineral spring in "Western Europe," as he puts it. Within the past year entrée has been refused by England, Germany, Holland and Scandinavia. "But above all places," sighed one of his friends yesterday, "M. Trotsky would rather be in Russia." Save for the fact there are no mineral springs on the Island of Prinkipo, one might suppose it would be an ideal place for an exile. M. Trotsky, his wife and son, his secretaries and Turkish secret service men who guard him—a household of ten to twelve in all—occupy the old villa of the Arab Izzet Pasha, formerly "chief blackmailer." Not an official title at Abdul Hamid's court. Its gardens, shabby greenhouses and kiosks meander through a long segment of acreage, reaching from the main highway to a picturesque spot on the shore where M. Trotsky keeps a skiff tied in the boat house. From here he frequently sets forth on fishing expeditions, always accompanied by a representative of the police.

The businesslike clicking of a typewriter frequently mingles with the drone of bees among the artichokes. Bolshevism's great disciple is no idle man. Having lately sold his autobiography to a publisher in New York, he is laboring now on a history of the movement he helped to conceive. In addition, he is constantly preparing articles for publication in other countries. Among the villagers of Prinkipo he is reputed to be earning vast sums from his books.

From time to time foreign journalists board the ferry running to Prinkipo and waste the better part of the day trying to interview the notable pensioner in Izzet Pasha, as old chalet. If they get past the Turkish secret service men in the garden, they have yet the secretaries to persuade. M. Trotsky's seclusion is quite impenetrable, as long as he chooses to make it so.

Patronize "Jewish Review" Advertisers

Goel Tzedec Synagogue, University Avenue, Rabbi Samuel Sachs.

Concluding Passover services: Friday at 7:30 p.m.; Saturday at 9 and sermon at 10:30 on "A Song of Triump"; Saturday at 7:30 p.m., Sunday at 9 and Memorial Service at 10:30. Sermon at "The Two Arks." Cantor Barkin.

Junior Oratorical Contest Sunday night, May 11. Two groups, ages 12-14 and 15-17, will participate. This contest is open to all boys and girls in the congregation and Sunday School. Names must be entered with Mrs. I. Siegel, 53 Lee, Howard 9385.

The annual Mothers' and Daughters' supper of Goel Tzedec Sisterhood takes place Tuesday, April 22nd, at 5.30 p.m. Mrs. M. Weinstock will speak for the mothers and Miss Cecile Till for the daughters. Reservations with Mrs. S. Godfrey, Midway 3764, or Mrs. Louis Adelberg, Trinity 4596.

Young Israel of Toronto, Talmud Torah Building, Brunswick Avenue.

Friday services at 7.15, p.m. Saturday and Sunday mornings at 9.30. Saturday at 7.45 p.m. Rabbi S. Weinraub will deliver the sermon Saturday at 11.15. Jacob Halpern will speak on Sunday. Last Sunday Morris Kertzer delivered the sermon on "Anti-Semitism—Its Causes and Cures." Eli Bohnen spoke Monday on "Passover and the Education of the Jewish Youth."

NEW MEMBERS WELCOME

Tuscan S.A.C. met at the home of Lou Pancer, 92 Ossington Avenue. Boys wishing to join call Steve Stern, Trinity 9266-J, between 4 and 6 p.m.; or Lou Pancer, Lloydbrook 8278, between 6 and 7.30 p.m.

AUXILIARY SERVES MEALS TO PATIENTS

At the meeting of the Folk's Farein Ladies' Auxiliary the following were appointed to attend to the Passover meals given to patients. At the General Hospital: Pesach supervisor, Mrs. M. Winter; assistants, Mesdames M. Weiner, R. Foster, A. Tesher, M. Bronstein. Western Hospital supervisor, Mrs. I. Shapiro; assistants, Mesdames A. Appiebaum, S. Shlanger, R. Baum, S. Reuchstieg. Passover meals are provided every Pesach to the Jewish patients at the General Hospital, Western Hospital, St. Michaels Hospital, 999 Queen St. West and to the Jews at the Don Jail by the Folk's Farein and the Auxiliary.

HAMILTON

Mrs. Louis Epstein, of Ottawa, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. Levy for the Passover holidays and some time after.

Mrs. Irving Smith and daughter, of Montreal, are with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. Epstein, for the holidays.

Mrs. Albert Prusin, of Detroit, is visiting with her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Emanuel Goldberg.

BRAMPTON

To Mr. and Mrs. J. Blumenthal, of Brampton, Ont., Wednesday, April 9th., a son.

Mrs. S. Stitt, of Fort William, Ont., is with her sister, Mrs. J. Blumenthal, Brampton.

Engagements

Mr. and Mrs. A. Shapiro, 142 Robert Street, announce the engagement of their second eldest daughter, Fanny, to Bernard Morris, only son of Mr. and Mrs. S. Morris of Toronto.

The engagement is announced of Bell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. I. Berger, Major Street, to Daniel Levinne, of New York.

Card of Thanks

Mrs. M. Hartman, Braemore Gardens, wishes to thank her many friends for the kindnesses extended to her during her recent illness.

Classified Advertising

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THAT ALL DEPENDS

Nnewsboy: Pape, professor? Don't you want a paper today?

Professor: Why, yes, but come to think about it, I left all my money at home.

Newsboy: Oh, that's all right. You'll pay me tomorrow.

Professor: But suppose I should die in the middle of the night?

Newsboy: Well, it wouldn't be much of a loss.

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TORONTO SOCIAL

Mr. and Mrs. M. Frankel, 120 Isabella Street, have as their guest, Miss Lilly Hartman, of New York City.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Levi, Lonsdale Road and Mr. and Mrs. Ted Sterling are leaving Thursday for New York to spend the holidays.

Miss Rosalie Franckel, Selby Hotel, is spending some time in Atlantic City and New York.

Miss Freda Rose, of Rochester, N.Y., is visiting Mrs. I. M. Granatstein, High Park Boulevard for several weeks.

Mrs. S. W. Bloom, of Mount Vernon, N.Y., who was with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Jacobs, Walmer Road for Passover, went home Tuesday.

Sam Kronick, Madison Avenue, is at the Hotel Statler, Cleveland, Ohio.

A. A. Heaps, of Montreal, was in this city.

Mrs. E. J. Singer and daughter, Selma, Kendal Avenue, left on Monday for Atlantic City where they will spend the next two weeks.

J. Benjamin, of Sudbury, Ont., spent the week-end in Toronto, with Mr. and Mrs. J. Shapiro.

Mrs. M. A. Laddon, Lytton Boulevard, left April 18th, for New York to visit her daughter, Mrs. David Rabinowitz.

Mr. and Mrs. I. M. Lederman, Inglewood Drive, who have been in Atlantic City for the past two weeks, have returned home.

Mrs. Manning Stone and baby, Ridge Drive, are spending about three weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Baum, of Windsor, Ont.

Mrs. A. Cohen, Hilton Avenue, is in Chicago visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Schon.

Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Goodman and family, Arlington Avenue, were in Buffalo, visiting Dr. and Mrs. Wm. Stone.

Mrs. Isidor Levinter, Hillsdale Road, has with her Miss Hanora Simon, of Rochester, N.Y.

Mrs. H. Lipsky, of Rochester, N.Y., is with her mother, Mrs. A. L. Sabera, Highbourne Road.

Mrs. David Hildebrand, Lonsdale Road, is spending a few days in New York with her mother-in-law.

Mrs. M. L. Goldstein, Keele Street, has returned from Buffalo, N.Y., and Philadelphia, where she has been for the past nine weeks.

Captain Lillian C. Smith, St. George Street, is entertaining the 38th Toronto Company Girl Guides Thursday evening, at her home.

Miss Mary Samuels, R.N., of New York City, is with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Samuels, Brunswick Avenue.

Mrs. I. Kenen, of Cleveland, Ohio, is with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Bain, Vaughan Road, for the Passover holidays.

Mrs. Chas. Moses and baby, of Hamilton, are with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Brody, Walmer Road, for the Passover.

Ben Littner, who is attending Hebrew Union College in Cincinnati, Ohio, is home for the Passover.

Mrs. Louis P. Cutler and baby, of Brooklyn, N.Y., is with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Samuels, Brunswick Ave.

Daniel Levinne, of New York, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. I. Berger, Major Street.

Mrs. B. Handleman, of Detroit, is visiting her mother-in-law, Mrs. M. Handleman, Manning Avenue.

Miss Belle Berger, of New York, spent the Passover holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. I. Berger, Major Street.

Syd Oelbaum, of Montreal, is with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. Oelbaum, Grange Avenue, for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Dalgoff (née Rose Halpern) are with their parents, Rev. and Mrs. A. Halpern, of Hamilton, for the Passover.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Swartz, of Brooklyn, N.Y., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Winston of Brunswick Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Simmons and son, Barnette, of Montreal, are visiting their sister and aunt, Mrs. Rose Mans, Bathurst Road.

Miss Sylvia Dover, R.N., of New York, is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Samuels, Brunswick Avenue.

Mrs. L. Fine (née Marian Cornfield) of New York is spending the holidays with her mother, Mrs. C. Cornfield, Crawford Street.

Miss Mign Kates, Cecil Street, was in Hamilton with Mr. and Mrs. S. Koskey for the Passover services.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Ginsberg (née Pearl Saxe) who have been in New York and Montreal on their honeymoon trip spent the Passover holidays with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. Saxe. Mr. and Mrs. Ginsberg will make their home in Huntsville, Ont.

Mrs. S. Rockmaker, Bathurst Street, motored to Rochester Thursday last.

Mrs. J. Gelb, of New York, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Greengorten, Markham Street, for three weeks.

Mrs. B. Silverstein, 22 Standish Avenue, was hostess at a luncheon and bridge at the Arcadian Court, as a courtesy to Mrs. J. Gelb, of New York, welcoming Miss Rose Gasee, Mesdames J. Colomby, J. Taube, C. H. Wagman, L. Mirsky, S. Rashal, J. Freeman, A. Matlow, J. Gelb, B. Lundy, S. Heisutz. Prizes were won by Miss Rose Gasee, Mesdames J. Colomby and J. Taube.

Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Golby, Bloor Street west, left Tuesday for New York.

Roland Ducoffe who is attending Pickering College in Newmarket was with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Ducoffe, Lonsdale Road for the Passover.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Sprachman, and son, Mandel, Crawford Street, left to spend the holidays in New York and Atlantic City.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bass, of Chicago, are with Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Jolofsky, Grange Avenue, for Passover.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Allen, Willcocks Street, returned Saturday from a trip to New York.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Rabow and daughter, Virginia, of Buffalo, N. Y., will be with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. Mentel Ossington Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Geroffsky and family, of Hamilton, are with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Stein, Brunswick Avenue, for the Passover services.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Stein and son, Marvin, Heathbourne Apartments, are spending the holidays in Buffalo, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Mathew Segel, Cedarvale Mansions, were in Hamilton

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for Passover services, the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Saul Rabkin.

Mrs. A. L. Soles, Hammersmith Avenue, and Mrs. Leon Scher, College Street, left Wednesday for Buffalo, N. Y., for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Wineberg and daughter, Thelma, arrived in town Saturday to be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. Miller, Clinton Street.

Ernest Roy, of Mount Forest, is visiting his cousins, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Sternberg, Glenholme Avenue, for a few days.

Deaths

Mrs. Fannie Gould, daughter of the late Newman Centner, died in Philadelphia Wednesday, April 9th., in her 34th. year. Surviving are her husband, Joseph V. Gould; two children, Shirley and Frances Norman; three brothers, Isaac, Ruby, and Moe Centner; and two sisters, Mrs. M. L. Goldstein and Mrs. Joseph Asher. The body was brought to Toronto and burial took place Friday, April 11th., at McCaul Street Cemetery.

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of Louis Gelirtig, a dear husband and father who passed away April 16th, 1929. Sadly missed by wife and children.

In loving memory of my dear husband, Solomon Solomon, who was called to rest April 17th, 1929.

What would I give your hand to clasp,
Your dear kind face to see,
To hear your voice and see your smile,
That meant so much to me.
Thoughts of you come crowding fast
And tears I cannot stay,
So I shed a tear that is silent
And breathe a sigh of regret,
For you were mine and I'll remember
Though the rest of the world forget.

Sadly missed by wife, Eva Solomon.

In loving memory of our dearly beloved Father, Solomon Solomon, who departed suddenly April 17th, 1929.

When days are dark, and friends are few,
Dear Father how we long for you
and ponder how you died,
To think you could not say goodbye
Before you closed your eyes,
For friends are friends if they are true,
But we lost our best friend when we lost you.

Ever remembered by children, Sarah, Fanny, Abe, Esther, Lil, Jeanne, and Helen.

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II—A History of the Inquisition including the Inquisition in the Middle Ages. The Inquisition in Spain, and the Inquisition in the dependencies—Published in 1922. 6 Volumes new $16.00.

Jewish Boys Club

West End Branch: In the minor series of the oratorical contest held at West End Sunday, April 6th, J. Myer and M. Burkin, of Park Centre, won the first and second prizes respectively. In the major finals Gordon Steinberg and B. Gorenstein, of West End, defeated the representatives from the Central Branch. In the debate, "Resolved that the Jew and the Arab can get along peacefully in Palestine," Louis Rubenstein and L. Rosenblatt, of the Central Branch, defeated Gordon Steinberg and Ben Patlick of West End. Judges were Miss T'Mima Littner, and M. Cohn, Chairman, S. Greenblatt, minister of entertainments.

Results of the Minor track meet—20 yard dash—1st., S. Shusterman; 2nd., M. Shoom. Potato race,—1st. N. Usprich; 2nd., M. Shoom. Foul shooting, 1st., S. Shusterman; 2nd., L. Bisgold. Standing Broad Jump, 1st., N. Usprich; 2nd., M. Shoom; Major Men of David results: 20 yard dash, S. Greenblatt, B. Patlick. Potato race J. Podharcer, S. Greenblatt. Foul shooting, A. Pomer, J. Podharcer.

In the semi-finals of the Minor Basketball play-offs, West End defeated Fraser by a score of 11 to 10. N. Usprich was the star for West End. Ginsberg and Finkelstein were the best for the losers. West End Team—N. Usprich, M. Shoom, S. Shusterman, O. Greenblatt, M. Swartzman. Fraser Team—Ginsberg, Finkelstein, Golden, Levine, Brody, Smackler, Finkin, Shienkman.

Park Centre Herzls, Sydney Gluck won the inter-centre Oratorical contest for Wanderers. Davids, Fred Myers won the inter-centre oratorical contest for Minor Men of David. Final banquet Wednesday, April 23rd, at Berkeley St., Talmud Torah.

Central Branch—The results of the track meet held at Orde St. School last Tuesday night were as follows: 20 yard dash, P. Racko and A. Diamond. Potato race, P. Racko, A. Goldberg. Standing broad jump, A. Diamond, A. Goldberg. In the Relay Jump and the Play Race, Sparrows defeated Group Canadians, Sparrows, P. Racko, A. Goldberg, A. Diamond Canadians, J. Klug, C. Abrams and M. Posner.

Fraser Branch—P.A.C. defeated the L.Y.C. in basketball. Under the leadership of Mr. Bernstein, the Hawks are preparing a play. The closing night April 19th, with Morgen Birkus in the chair. Premier Frank Cohen will sum up the year and the "All Round Cup" will be presented.

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THE ISLAND WITHIN

(Continued from Page 13)

...ot up. "You and your Jewish ... What is a Jewish soul? And, ... why did he have to shout down ... soul? Except for occasional ... luncheons he worked for ... Jews, associated with Jews. ... enough of 'em in New York, ... Oh, I know what you are ... they are all Jews who ... to suppress their Jewish- ... does that get you any-

"I ... it does." Arthur spoke ... I think it does. Of course ... works differently in different ... Victor was madly intense and ... Jewish. He even looked ... handsome, sultry Arab, didn't

Joe ...ded and now his eyes were

"Very ... well. And from his very in- ... was somehow made to feel ... the very air about him that to ... and successful and accept- ... the world he must be something that he wasn't, something that he didn't even clearly grasp or understand, namely, an Anglo-American gentleman. Well, he had no gift for mimicry. He was confused. He was maddened. He shouted. He began to hate himself and his own kind. You said yourself it was self-disgust."

"Oh, maybe so, maybe so." Joe said, wearily. "We're an accursed generation, certainly. Look at me. I'm tangled up in a love-affair again that makes me suffer like a dog. Why? The woman isn't worth it. I know she isn't. I know she's a gold-digger. I know everything anyone can tell me. And yet, and yet. . . ."

"Marry a Jewish girl," Arthur said.

Joe almost recovered his old grin. "Fine advice for you to give."

"Just for me, Joe. The wheels are running down. I don't believe that Elizabeth and I will be together many more years."

They were both silent for a while. Then they heard footsteps coming down the stairs. The door to the hall had been left open. The footsteps came nearer. Joe and Arthur turned to the door and saw Nathan Goldmann and Jacob Levy, two old gray men now, walking deeply bowed but arm in arm. They did not see their sons. Leaning upon each other, they went out into the street. Joe held up clenched, trembling hands.

"Two old Jews. It's *shabbes*, you know. They're going to *shul* to pray." For a moment he wept. But he recovered himself almost at once. "Let's go somewhere, Arthur, and have a cup of coffee." They walked along the streets together without many words. "I loathe restaurants today," Joe said. "Come over to my place and I'll brew some coffee there." Joe's little apartment, when they reached it, had a tumbled look. Joe busied himself at once with his Turkish coffee outfit. But he talked during this occupation. "I don't get sleep enough, Arthur. I never do. I'm haunted by a feeling of loneliness—terrible, bitter loneliness. That's why I go in for these women. Oh yes, I'm a damned sight more on to myself than you think. That's why I go in for communism. Great masses of comrades, men and women. No chance to be lonely. O God, I'm lonely." A nervous shiver ran through his small, spare form. He turned around and faced Arthur. "Hell! we can't go to *shul*, you and I, can we?"

"No," Arthur admitted, "we can't."

"Then what are we to do? What?"

"That reminds me of Elizabeth," Arthur said, slightly to his own surprise. "She mocks her father a little and says: 'What shall we do to be saved?'"

"Not such a damned bad way of putting it. Well, what shall we do?"

But all that Arthur could answer was that he had offered his services to a Jewish hospital and that his work there would begin next month and that he could but wait and see. . . .

IV

The Beth Yehuda Hospital was a white building set on a hill. Twice a week Arthur went there for some hours in his capacity of consulting psychiatrist. The nurses, doctors, officials, patients were, of course, all Jews. It was the first time in his life that, except in some small family circle, Arthur was wholly surrounded by Jews. For two or three times something within him—something which he was experienced enough to watch carefully—drew back. What was it? The old, old fear of danger through the act of being openly identified with those who were through all ages exposed to danger. The feeling was as crude as that and as strong as that in its origin. Modern Jews veiled it sincerely in various ways. They pretended to themselves that they didn't like Jews or, at least, certain specific Jewish qualities. And there was no doubt that in the mass Jews had their unlovely qualities. Like all people in the mass. Only these Jewish qualities seemed and, in fact, were, more salient because they were not the qualities that one expected in an overwhelmingly non-Jewish world. Also, and this was the sharpest prick, one was afraid of sharing these qualities, of being thus hatefully salient, grimly emphatic in an unsympathetic world. . . . Dr. Herz, the chief of the hospital, was accustomed to talk in parables during the staff meetings. A very young physician, fresh from the Harvard Medical School, asked whether one couldn't stop the women from wailing so noisily. It created a bad impression in the neighborhood. Dr. Herz swung his head about slowly as though to disengage his beard from some obstacle.

"Call it 'keening,' Dr. Gerson, and see how much better you feel about it at once. Do you know the experience of the American Jewish gentleman in the subway? An Irish lady of forty-five came in, the wife, let us say, of a prosperous contractor. Very fat. Very bumptious and very, very heavily hung with diamonds. Her ungloved fingers glittered. Within him the American Jewish gentleman smiled a tolerant and amused smile. Next a Jewish lady came in. A description of her, except for color, would be identical with that of the Irish lady. The Jewish lady's husband was in cloaks and suits. A flush of rage darkened the face of the American Jewish gentleman and he said in his heart: 'Christ, how vulgar!'" Dr. Herz got up. "Ponder that anecdote, Doctor Gerson. It holds the key to all your difficulties. But under no circumstances"—his face grew stern—"is the wailing of the old ladies to be interfered with. Our Mother Rachel also wailed."

Gradually Arthur came to look forward to his visits to the hospital. He lingered and prolonged his stay each time. A peace stole into his heart, a sense of ease and of being sheltered. He remembered, of course, the extreme Freudian theory that no human being ever got over the shock of birth and that all our seeking of human or physical shelter is an obscure urge back to the security of the womb. . . . Nor did he forget his own dislike of all gregariousness, his conviction of the danger of all herd-instincts. . . . No, in his ease and comfort in the hospital there was a finer element, a residuum of something more nobly human. . . . If a dispute broke out in staff meeting it was still a dispute upon

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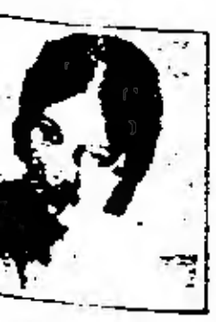

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common human grounds. One didn't first have to consider and weigh and twist one's words and attitudes because So-and-so was a Gentile and didn't understand, or because So-and-so was a Jew and would be hurt. . . . One could deal with an equal freedom with the patients. There were no obscure misunderstandings or hidden grudges or subtle indelicacies. . . . . Here, among Jews, one could be most human, most personal, least herd-minded—least torn between the instincts of one herd and those of another, most—if one liked to put it so—unJewish in the traditional sense of the dispersion because the planes of psychical friction—how that phrase came back to Arthur—were reduced to the normal and natural and human ones. The freedom of this Jewish community for a Jew lay in its uncomplicatedness, in the reduction of the complications within it to the ordinary complications inherent in the life of man. . . . The more freely Jewish one was, the less consciously and agonizedly Jewish one was forced to be. . . . Arthur was astonished at the comparative simplicity of these perceptions. . . Why the devil were they not more general? Wasn't it, if one permitted oneself to think, clear as the noonday sun that a Negro could be more freely and nobly human in a world of Negroes where he didn't have to spend the better part of his time in warding off slights, in cruel and difficult inner and outer adjustments, in the mere physical trouble and discomfort of having to go miles out of his way for a restaurant or be diplomatic about a Pullman berth or a seat in a theatre? If Jews were reduced to no such gross adjustments in a Gentile world, they were still subject to a thousand subtle and wounding ones that warped and bitterly complicated the whole of life?

He had not been going to the hospital long when he began to feel two dark, strangely clear and half-whimsical-looking eyes upon him. They were the very eyes, it seemed to him, that he was not yet prepared to encounter if, in truth, he ever would be. For they belonged to the representative of a great world-wide orthodox association which had a very strong financial and administrative interest in the hospital. They were the eyes, then, of Reb Moshe Hacohen, who went about in an elegant silk *caftan* with a velvet color, the glossy blackness of which was always set off by the most gleaming linen, who never, by any chance, took off his hat and whom even the dapper New York nurses, although he spoke almost faultless and rather elaborate English, called Reb Hacohen. . . . Arthur rather avoided the man. But one day coming down the steps of the hospital he was caught. Reb Hacohen was beside him.

"Doctor Levy?" Arthur bowed. "I have been watching you. There is something in your face. I believe we are *meshpocheh*—kinsfolk; do you know the expression?" There was something mild yet authoritative about Hacohen's voice.

Arthur nodded. "Yes, I'm picking up a good many of the more familiar terms."

"You never heard them at home?"

"Very few."

Hacohen hummed a little to himself. "Yes, yes."

They were walking along the street now. Arthur had a strong impulse to excuse himself and go home. But he didn't somehow see his way clear to doing that without being obviously discourteous to Hacohen. And that seemed suddenly an inconceivable action to him. Hacohen hummed again.

"Will you tell me the name of your grandfather?"

"Efraim."

"And where did he live?"

"In a German town named Insterburg." Arthur felt a hand upon his arm.

"Then your father is Jacob, the youngest son of Reb Efraim, the one who emigrated to America?"

Arthur looked at the face beside him. It was a grave and sensitive and strong face. The skin was very fair and the small beard very black and the lips very red. It was really a stern face. Yet through its sternness there shone a loving-kindness. Arthur felt a touch of humility before that face.

"You are very well informed, Reb Hacohen."

His companion nodded. "I met the young Krakauers in Breslau last year. You have heard of them?"

"I heard my father say long ago that a sister of his lived in Breslau. And I believe that Krakauer was her married name."

"It is so, then, as I thought. Good. Your Grandfather's mother was named Braine and her father was Reb Eliezer Hacohen, a very great and learned man. You are Reb Eliezer's great-great-grandson. Now this Reb Eliezer had a younger brother whose name was Moshe, like my own, and I am the great-grandson of Reb Moshe—peace be upon them all, peace!"

What flashed into Arthur's mind was a scene of years ago. He had been standing on the Columbia campus with Charles Dawson, and Charles Dawson had lightly and humorously and yet with an earnest undertone explained about the Dawsons of Inverness and the clan from which they came and the tartan which they had the right to wear, and Arthur had felt naked and an outcast and shivering in the world. He turned to Reb Hacohen and held out his hand.

"What you tell me interests me extremely. I am very glad to know it."

The other took his hand and pressed it lightly but warmly. "Now I must tell you, too, of an old division in our house. My great-grandfather joined the *Chassidim*. His older brother, Reb Eliezer, a learned Talmudist who traced the descent of the family from great scholars and pious men of the Middle Ages, considered this a disgrace. Do you know what *Chassidim* are?"

"Dimly; I've been reading up a bit lately."

Reb Hacohen wagged his head a little. "Let me tell you a story. The *Chassidim*, the pious or holy ones, called their Talmudic adversaries *Mithnagedim*. And a man came to a *Chassidic* rabbi and asked: When the Messiah comes, will he be a *Chassid* or a *Mithnaged*? And the rabbi answered at once: A *Mithnaged*. For were he a *Chassid*, the *Mithnagedim* would not believe in him. But the *Chassidim* will accept him whatever his origin."

Arthur looked at the grave intellectual face beside him. "Are you a Chassid too, Reb Hacohen?"

A very winning smile stole slowly over Hacohen's face. "I am, my son. And next you will ask me in your American way whether I believe in the coming of the Messiah?"

"Exactly."

"I believe that active love will gradually build a better world, a world of brotherhood and peace. When that

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Keeping the love theme uppermost, the story still carefully developes a condemnation of the artificial codes of society life in Gotham, and reveals the heart of a typical society butterfly when she meets a real he man of the West. John Mack Brown is the ideal cow punching hero who takes destiny into his own capable hands. Joan is the girl captivated by his virile tactics, and Ricardo Cortez is the society man who wavers between two sisters in his affections.

The cast in support of the young stars is good looking, clever and well possessed of comedy gifts. Dorothy Sebastian plays the charming sister, Cliff Edwards has the role of his career and Karl Dane and Benny Rubin further lighten the fun. Malcolm St. Clair directs this outstanding feature which will give the fans a great thrill.

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"Please mention this paper."

l is completed, the Messiah will mong us. Do you doubt that?"
Arthur laughed and shook his
"No, I suppose not, Reb Moshe."
"That is it. We must love and
e afraid. There is an old *Chassidic*
g: it is the fear in men's hearts
hadels walls against the light. But
st not keep you."
"Oh, but you're not. Please!"
The grave head wagged a little.
d-bye. And *Shalom*—peace.'

(Continued next week)

GENEROSITY

schnorrer came to the home of
ngy rich man during the latter's
er hour. The rich man was eat-
lukshun soup. The beggar asked
something to eat.
"ell, answered the wealthy man,
ng the schnorrer, "would you
eating some lukshun soup left
yesterday?"
would be glad to," replied the
ar joyfully.
"ell, then come around tomor-
said the man, "there may be
left from today."

THE DEBT

(Continued from page 17)

it a benefit?" he asked. "A
efit? You mean collect from the
hbours?" Jacob nodded. "Of
se." Rebecca considered this in
ce for a few moments. Then:
Chayer got to know she would
her head in shame for the rest
er days." "How would she get
know, God in heaven?" Jacob
d in amazement. "Would any
he women tell her? You know
would not. Even the very
nest of them would sooner have
tongue cut out. And is it not
tten in the Scriptures, 'Let not
right hand know what the left
d doeth'? She would never hear
from them. Never, till *Mesh-*
comes, and all things are re-
ed."

Rebecca was satisfied. "But
ere will she think it comes from?
has all her wits about her even
he is ill. Is she going to believe
we have suddenly become Roth-
lds?"

"Nu, you have had a cheque
m your uncle in Vienna. *Genug!*
the money. You can think of
e and ninety stories afterwards."
Rebecca agreed. "If God lets me
till Sunday morning, I will get
e help for Chayer."

unday morning, Rebecca began
campaign in the grocery shop.
ere were a few women in the
p, none of them anxious to be
ed quickly. On Sundays their
n, when they worked, did not
ally commence till ten or eleven
ead of seven or eight, so there
plenty of time for friendly con-
sation. Rebecca did not waste
time. She gave her orders for
k and groceries to the shopkeep-
and while these were being sup-
d broached the subject. It was
ible to ask—even if it was not
oneself. One suddenly felt so humiliated. "Listen, Sarah, my life," she said to the shopkeeper. While she spoke she cast anxious glances towards the door to see that Chayer was not within earshot. "Listen, Sarah, my sweet life. Chayer Rabbinowitz, is ill, may God give her a good year. Yesterday the *Meshumad* even, may his legs fall off where he is standing, told her she has consumption." The other women in the shop gathered round and listened eagerly their heads bending from side to side in sympathy. "Listen. Soon her Isaac will be Ba mitzvah—then he will leave school after a year, and Chayer will begin to have *Nachus* from her children. Now she is ill with nothing in the house." Two big tears rolled down Rebecca's cheeks as she recounted the woes of her friend. "Nu, we must make a benefit," said Sarah, the shopkeeper. "Is it not written, 'In sorrow ye shalt help one another'? Here I'll make a start—five shillings." She took the sum out of the till and deposited it on the counter. "Nu, sisters?"

The other three women made rapid calculations in their heads. One of them, a little thin woman, stood unhappily for a few seconds, perplexed. Then furtively examined the heels on her shoes. Yes, she decided that after all they could wait for a week or so. She took two shillings and sixpence out of her purse, and placed it on the counter besides the five shillings. The other two women added their half-crowns. Rebecca eyed the money wistfully. "If I could collect five pounds for Chayer it would be beautiful. Five pounds! It would come like a lump of health to her." She picked the money up and wrapped it in her handkerchief. "Chayer mustn't know, or she will hide her head in shame. I will give it to her as a loan—and tell her I have just had it from a rich uncle." The women were unanimous in their approval. "Nu, of course," said Sarah. "Do we want to shame Chayer? God should do the same to us if we did. You must collect the money quickly, that is all. And may God give us all a sweet year."

Rebecca departed quickly. In two hours she was returning, transferring the money from her heavily-laden purse to her pocket, and counting it carefully in the process. She had collected five pounds and fourpence. Sunday it was easier than any other time. The men were at home in the morning, so together, man and wife could share the responsibility of the sacrifice. Not that there was any talk of sacrifice here—however poor, they gave gladly when asked. Somebody was in greater need than themselves—there was just *no* question of not giving.

At the corner of Greenfield St. a lame man was turning a hurdy-gurdy, from whose diseased interior, miserable, nerve-wracking sounds were emitted. Rebecca, the five pounds and fourpence in her pocket, stood near him, the music seemed to her heavenly. He should have the fourpence—she could not very well give the odd coppers to Chayer. Then, in the act of removing the coppers from her pocket she paused. Fourpence in one go to a hurdy-gurdy man was unheard of generosity—perhaps he should have a penny, and she could give the remaining threepence to the Shool, and ask them to burn candles for Chayer. Yes, that would be best. But this arrangement though wise, made Rebecca feel uncomfortable. She felt that she was robbing the musician of threepence. After all, she had intended originally to give him fourpence. She stood for a moment, perplexed. The hurdy-gurdy man urged her to quick decision. "Give alms to a poor man. God will bless you and your children." He looked at her beseechingly; Rebecca decided to compromise. She turned aside, and furtively extracted the coppers from a handful of silver she took from her pocket, so that the eyes of the beggar should not become round with the sight of so much wealth, then finally selected two pennies and thrust them in his hands.

life, with all its hardships, its sufferings, its conflicts. They embraced one another. Rebecca turned to go. At the door, wiping her eyes, she said: "And if you worry about paying the money back before the children are *all* working, I will be insulted. I swear this by everything that is dear to me."

Chayer nodded miserably. Already she was wondering when and how she would be able to pay the money. Yet her heart was glad. She would redeem her things from the pawnshop—that would be two-pounds-five; for the rest she could now add a few shillings to the pension she received from the Widows' Society each week so that perhaps she would not have to pawn her festal candlesticks any more. Five pounds! When had she possessed that? The little furniture she had had been purchased on the hire system at a payment of two shillings a week stretching over countless years.

For a few weeks Chayer was happy. Thursday could come and there was no need to look round for pawnable objects—no need to dread the derision of the pawnbroker. The humiliating contempt with which he handled objects dear to her! And she could afford to drink a little milk every day. Each day she was getting weaker and weaker; as soon as Isaac left school and earned money she told herself she would be able to afford a woman in the house to look after the children. Then she *would* go to a convalescent home and live to have *Nachus* from her children. But immediately after these thoughts she would remember the debt to Rebecca and bitterness would creep into her heart.

Rebecca called to see her less and less frequently. For every time she came Chayer immediately spoke about the five pounds—she would return them as soon as she could. Rebecca grew tired of assuring her that she was not waiting for it and did not need it. This life! It was a laughable business. Rebecca did not blame Chayer, but simply the bitterness of life. To think how much money was squandered by the rich and here was a loan so-called of five pounds making the two women wretched, estranged.

After a time Rebecca limited her visits to one a week, then Chayer reproached her for not coming simply because she owned her money. Then one Saturday Chayer's eldest son Isaac was to be taken to Shool to be confirmed. All the neighbours crowded into Chayer's room to wish her *Mozeltow*. Rebecca alone did not go; she knew her appearance would immediately cause Chayer to remember her debt and change her joy to sadness. No, she would wait. But when from her window she saw Chayer going to Shool her head help proudly in the air she ran down to kiss and congratulate her friend.

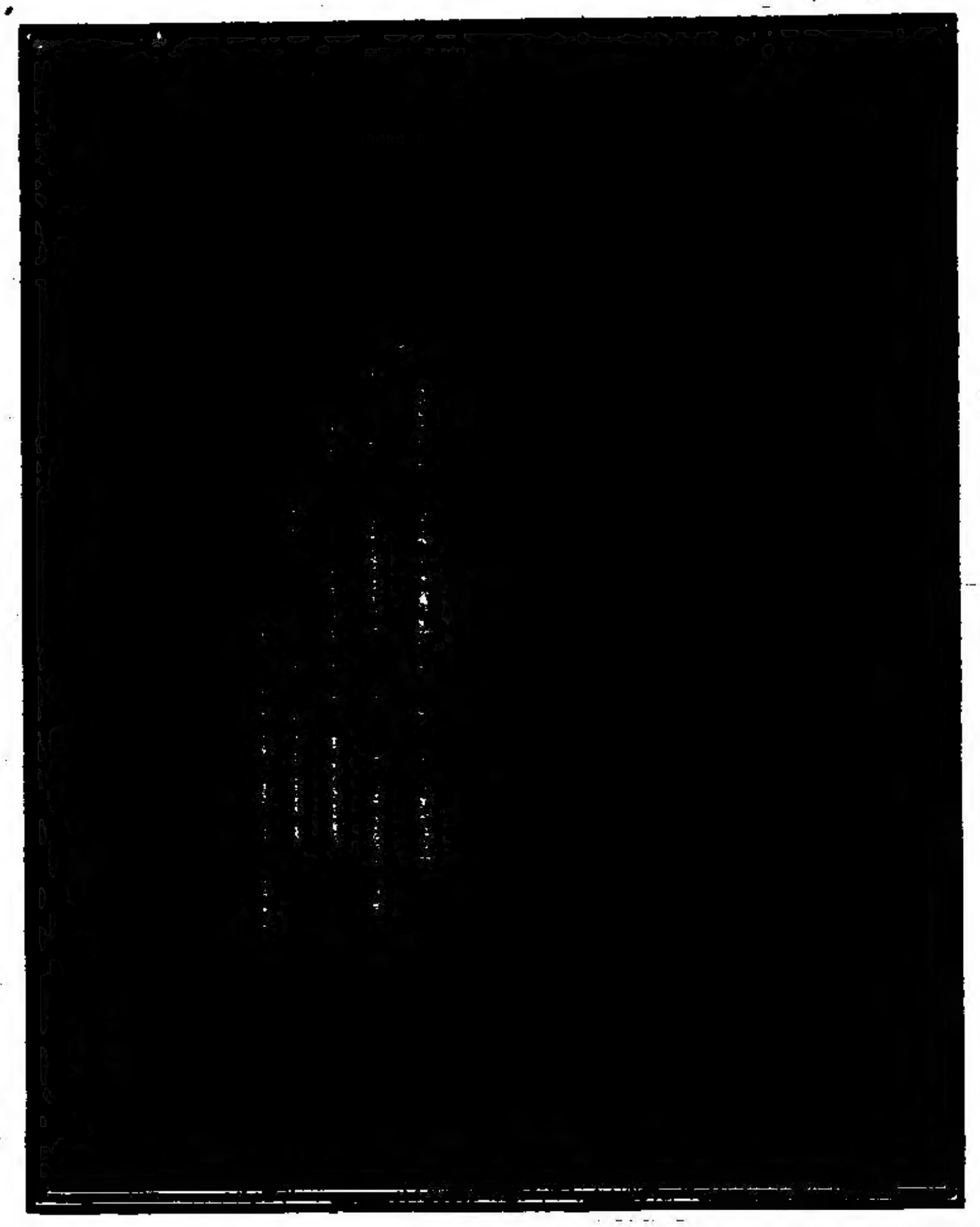
'Chayer!" Tears of gladness were in her eyes. She knew how eagerly Chayer had been waiting for this day—when she would live to see her Isaac Barmitzvah and declared before God to be a Man and to be worthy to bear a Man's responsibility.

"Chayer! Dear life! *Mozeltov!* May we all live to have *Nachus* from our children even to the youngest one."

Chayer returned her embraces but her face became clouded. She suddenly became ashamed of the new hat she had bought for this special occasion. "I can see you are looking at my new hat Rebecca" she said sadly. 'It only cost three shillings. You'll have your money back, please God."

Rebecca started back wounded. "Oh Chayer! The money has made you *meshugger*. May God give us all a good year!"

The two women for so many years staunch friends turned from one another, in their hearts bitterness, despair.—*Jewish World.*



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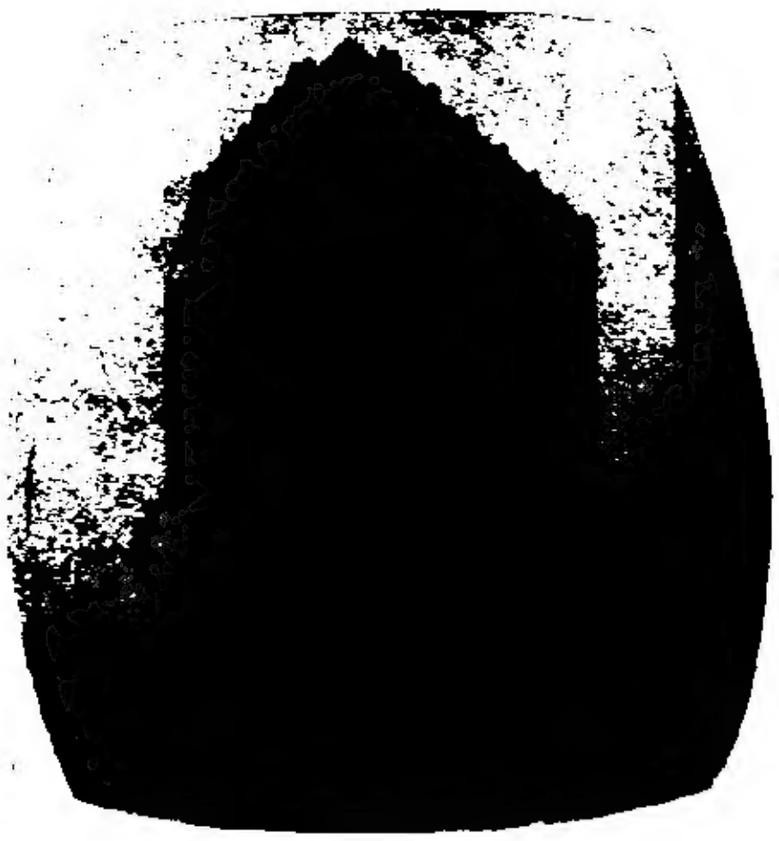

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